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Vol. CLI No. 1976 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — DECEMBER 4 1937

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Vapex is pleasant, safe, economical and dependable. It contains no harmful drugs. Vapex has been stopping colds for over twenty years. Just sprinkle a drop on your handkerchief and a drop on your pillow and breathe the healing vapour freely.

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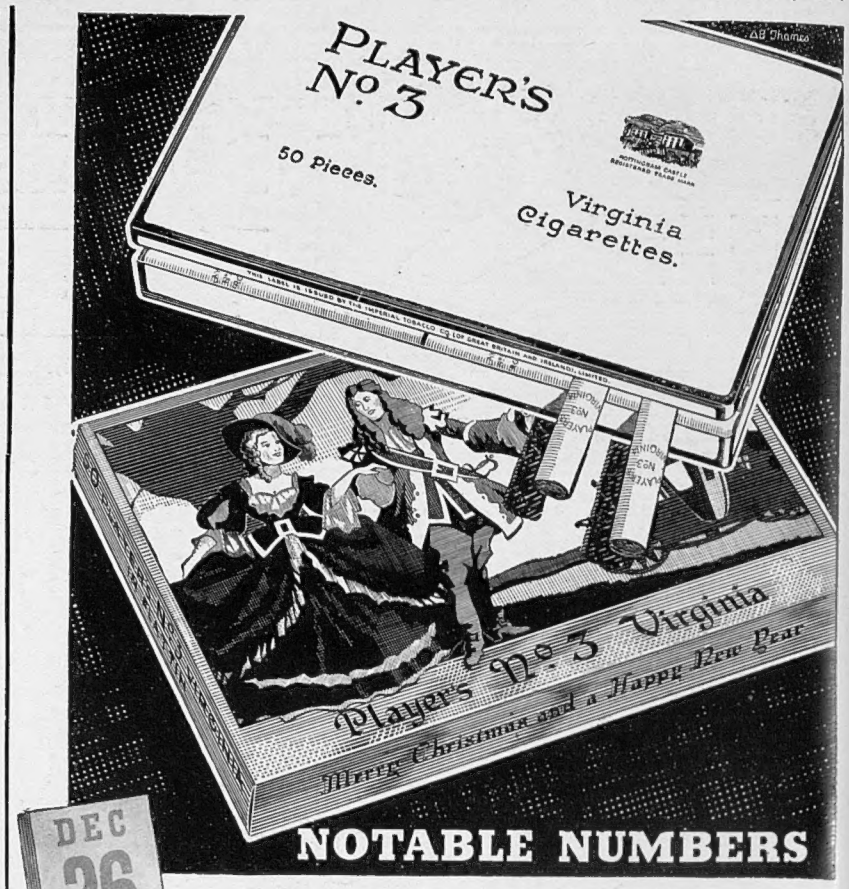

NOTABLE NUMBERS

DEC 26
DEC 25
DEC 24

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, December 4, 1937

BUSY DAYS ON THE ANTI-RED FRONT

Chancellor Hitler Greeted by the Japanese Ambassador on Arrival at the Japanese Embassy, Berlin, to Attend a Banquet on the First Anniversary of the Signing of the Pact Against Communism

Much has been heard of late of the Berlin-Rome axis, but Tokyo should certainly be included, for, in these days of violently conflicting ideologies, Germany, Italy, and Japan are a trinity ranged unhesitatingly and determinedly in opposition to the forces of Communism. In 1936 Germany and Japan signed their anti-red pact, undertaking to co-operate in measures of defence against Communism, and last month Italy proclaimed her adherence to those same terms, Count Ciano, the Duce's foreign minister, adding his signature to the document which he himself describes as "an instrument placed at the service of peace and civilisation which Fascism intends to defend and preserve against all dangers." There is no doubt whatever that all three parties regard the treaty as one of deep significance, and this was clearly evidenced on November 24 when Chancellor Hitler, as depicted above, attended a banquet at the Japanese Embassy in Berlin to commemorate the first anniversary of this international tie. Meanwhile the celebrations in Tokyo were on an even more elaborate scale, 80,000 young men marching through the city waving Japanese, German, and Italian flags. A luncheon was given by the German Ambassador, at which Prince Chichibu, the Emperor's brother, was guest of honour, while in the evening there was a big banquet

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH TALKS IN LONDON: Sir Robert Vansittart (centre), Permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, pictured with M. Yvon Delbos (left), the French Foreign Minister, and M. Camille Chautemps (right), the French Premier, when they arrived at Victoria last Sunday night preparatory to their important conversations with Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Eden. They spent the whole of Monday at No. 10, Downing Street, discussing, it is understood, many of the outstanding issues in European and world politics, particular reference being made to Germany's demand for the return of her former colonial posessions. In the evening the Foreign Secretary entertained the visitors at his home and on Tuesday they were the guests of the King and Queen at luncheon at Buckingham Palace

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, December 1, 1937.

ADVENTURE OF THE HOODED MEN.—It sounds like Sherlock Holmes, though the French Government takes it more seriously. The hope grows that it has taken the "hidden arms crisis" too seriously. It is no doubt grave enough. We realise to-day that more than half the troubles which beset civilisation, Europe and individual nations, can be traced to the bitter antipathy between Fascist and Communist, Right and Left. The grain of democracy and individual freedom is being ground to powder between these millstones. It is the prime cause of disturbance in mean streets, as it is the irreconcilable obstacle at the round-table of the nations. But in France in this crisis there is hope in the probability that once more this is the motive force and that it was more local than international in character. There seem good grounds for thinking that the Cagoulards are misguided Royalists and Frenchmen of the extreme Right, obsessed by the fear of a Communist putsch in France and, with a misguided sense of patriotism, determined to nip it in the bud. Lacking confidence in the Government's ability to restore order—should disorder arise—more swiftly and effectively, these men (perhaps a mere handful of 2,000) have secreted arms (and a scratch armament at that) and have been playing a foolish but not traitorous game of Klu Klux Klan. If that be the truth, it is not so serious as the Government at first believed, for it is local and can be localised, and the dreadful prospect of wider issues being involved may disappear in a puff of smoke. France has long been living in a nightmare of nervous panic, and the revelation of hidden arms might well evoke cries of *Nous sommes trahis*. The plot, such as it is, remains a fact and the Government is entitled to make political capital out of it, if it please; to magnify its importance, while suppressing it. But I am not at all sure that the longer view of statesmen would not favour belittling rather than magnifying its importance. At all costs it should be the Government's endeavour to keep it localised. One does not yet know to what extent Royalist aspirations are associated in the plot, and whether the Pretender, Duke de Guise, published his manifesto according to the time-sheet of the Cagoulard programme. France, one would think, had had enough of kings of whatever dynasty, and the Bourbons are not cut out for democratic sovereignty, for their memories are even shorter than the memories of modern peoples. Kings of the modern democratic type, sitting on their thrones and doing their jobs, are very well indeed. But I confess myself a Republican when I read of public utterances by ex-kings and would-be kings, who should live their lives (as the wisest of them wish and endeavour to do) in strict retirement and in silence. Like Mr. Bally (Master of Ballantrae) we wish them "to live very private."

FULL OF GOOD THINGS: This is the front cover of "The Sphere" Christmas Number, which is once again on the bookstalls and, as ever, offers a wide variety of delightful features. The Christmas competition drawing, which in past years has attracted entries from such widely scattered parts of the world, is once again included, prizes of £5, £3, and £2 being offered

THE RIDDLE OF CHINA.—I turned again to Mr. Edgar Snow's *Red Star over China* to refresh my memory of a unique glimpse into the inner life and politics of that vast and unknown Empire. What is it thinking, what is it doing, now that the common enemy, Japan, is biting deep into its vitals? For fifteen years red China has been in bitter and active strife with white. The brains and energy of men like Mao Tse-tung were pitted against Chiang's resources. The reds in China, among them men as pure and selfless as some of Chiang's lieutenants, created in their red zone a Soviet republic comparable with Russia's, if lacking the means and modern resources of Russia. They have maintained in commission, constantly fighting, a large army which survived the great retreat reasonably well disciplined and equipped. Their first, their only, motive power has all along been hatred of Japanese Imperialism. They fought Chiang and the whites largely because they believed that Chiang was not sufficiently alive to the Japanese menace, nor strong enough in nipping Nippon in the bud. Mao quite openly disclosed his war plans to Mr. Snow; made it clear that if Japan ever invaded Chinese territory south of Jehol, the whole force of red preparations would be used to resist her. He had his war plans cut and dried to the last detail and expressed strongly the belief of the reds that China could never be conquered and would never give in, and that revolution must break out in Japan at the first serious reverse to Japanese arms. He was confident and calm and prepared, though indeed he anticipated intervention by Russia on China's side earlier than this. Now the Japanese menace is a fact; the hated foe bites ever deeper. Chiang is obviously doing all he can. Are the differences between white and red sunk in the face of a common and deadly menace? Is Communism still prescribed or is it winked at again in face of a graver danger still? Is Chiang receiving from the great red Soviets of China all their available resources? Is there any workable co-ordination between the two nations of China? Are they now fighting side by side? These are questions for the solution of which I, for one, look in vain in the reports of the Chinese conduct of the war.

SUSSEX BEAUTY SPOT FOR THE NATION: A special "Sphere" picture taken at Fairmile Bottom, near Arundel, where the Earl of Hardwicke has handed over ninety acres of land which will be thrown open to the public next summer. It is understood that the Society of Sussex Downsmen has undertaken to keep a watch on "litter fiends," a large number of volunteers having promised to patrol the woods and remonstrate with offenders

ANGLO-U.S. TRADE TREATY.—This prospect is indeed of immense importance for civilisation, as that fine statesman Mr. Cordell Hull is trying to impress on America and Britain. The talks began two years ago. In 1936 they went on on both sides, Sir Ronald Lindsay and Mr. Hull doing the talking in America and the U.S. Secretary of Commerce having periodic discussions with Board of Trade officials in London. This year in January Lord Runciman went over to Washington and talked to Mr. Roosevelt. In the summer, during the Coronation rally, our Dominions came in and saw a preliminary list of the products for which America hopes for tariff concessions. Last month

Sir F. Phillips of the Treasury went across to talk to his opposite number. Result, both Governments now have announced that the ground is cleared for action. Mr. Roosevelt is ready to use his machinery to forge a treaty, though, as Mr. Boothby pointed out, his domestic policy seems to belie his expressed goodwill. Mr. Chamberlain is ready to begin (what will be a long business) to square American trade aspirations with our country with our own counter aspirations and with the existing conditions and restrictions on extra-Empire trade imposed by the Ottawa Agreement. Without some modification of the Ottawa Agreement no trade pact with America of any material value to either side can be secured, for some of America's starred products are wheat, lumber, and fruit. The U.S. understands our Imperial loyalties and knows that the path is beset with difficulties. She knows also that we buy from her three times as much as she buys from us. But the Dominions are not unsympathetic and perhaps by June, 1938, something will emerge cut and dried, something really worth while. But not before then, we believe.

expect that any serious steps towards a settlement will be taken; in short, that the colonial question need not become a major issue for several years to come—a lustre of propaganda work gives Europe a breathing space. Our official wife, France, of course, hurried over to London to make quite sure that our flirtation with Germania was purely platonic and harmless and we hope and believe that she returned satisfied on the point and whispered in our ears no Cagoulard poison. It is at least a comfort for us and for France that Germania's official husband, Italy, seemed to have taken the flirtation in good part and read into it nothing sinister or contrary to marriage vows. Indeed, there really are signs that sanity, if not returning to Europe, is being remembered as a once valued virtue and that the protagonists of Europe have realised that they have been smoking in the powder magazine too long. If only the statesmen would hold their tongues. No doubt that is an ideal more difficult for the dictators to follow. It is extraordinary to me that sober, established democratic premiers have not sooner perceived the vital importance of economy in words, most

UNDERSTANDING GERMANY.

—Lord Halifax's lips are sealed and we hope the seal will not be broken. Every remark uttered in public by a statesman (be it conciliatory or critical in character) concerning another country is almost always twisted or turned into a new cause of bitterness. Silence is golden. It is enough to know that a door was opened somewhere and through it we already got a new and pleasant glimpse of unknown Germany. We saw General Göring in unexpectedly kindly light. We saw him dressed in a humanity which we had not hitherto been allowed to know was in his wardrobe. For always words, words, interfere with man's natural charity and optimism. The Führer and his lieutenant are forever contradicting their acts and gestures by words. One or the other smiles a kindly farewell to a visitor and hurries off once more in a speech to rattle the sabre and undo the good done by contact between man and man. Hitler had hardly relaxed his warm pressure on Lord Halifax's hand before he was boosting the might of German armaments; and it seemed that the only gleam of light in that untimely and swift return to sabre-rattling was the implication that in the claim for colonies he is still feeling his way and that for five years at least he does not of all in words critical of their neighbours. We know that in England at any rate the devastating and unpatriotic loquacity of irresponsible newspapers will never be checked officially, but at least our statesmen might set an example in silence.

MR. MacDONALD.—

His family, on his own expressed wishes, refused the offer of burial in the Abbey for Mr. MacDonald. But the memorial Service in the Abbey justified by its setting and its conduct, and by the nature of the company there assembled to do honour to the dead premier, that quotation from Macaulay which Time has not staled and which is peculiarly apt in Mr. MacDonald's case. The one Scotsman indeed might have written the words specially for the other who in outlook and character differed from him so completely:—"In that temple of silence and reconciliation where the enmities of twenty generations lie buried, in the great Abbey which has during many years afforded a quiet resting-place to those whose minds and bodies have been shattered by the contentions of the Great Hall." Warren Hastings, like Ramsay MacDonald, did not mingle his dust with the Abbey's illustrious dust, but it is curious also how much of what Macaulay said of Hastings is true to-day of MacDonald—of the combination of enemies against him, of his founding of a polity in the face of obstruction, of his romantic rise from obscurity, of his love of learning.

LILIAN BAYLIS.

—The sharpest lesson in humility which the Aristocracy of Taste in the West End—that frightened, assertive chameleon oligarchy—which affects to direct or lead public taste, has received in our time, is derived from the life-work of Lilian Baylis. The West End oligarchy may talk clever and box the compass, but in the end taste permeates upwards not downwards, and standards and judgment in art come to the West End across the bridges and from the mean streets. The Gods of Good Taste are the gods of the gallery. Miss Cons rescued the Old Vic to give to Victorians "nice clean fun" in lieu of dingy public house revelry, the only refuge from slum life. Her niece took over the trust with a far wider outlook. She believed in human nature and she knew the minds both of Shakespeare and of the lower classes. Her knowledge told her that Shakespeare's mind was in tune with the mind of working-class Britain to-day as in his own day—for human nature at least has not changed and that which delighted and thrilled the humbler patrons of the old Globe could be made "box office" for the same types to-day. At a time when Shakespeare was *vieux jeu* in the West End, when his eclipse was in foreign eyes proof positive of our decline to barbarism, when his plays were occasionally presented like pantomimes (with real rabbits) to give scope to the extravagances of a super producer or to enable a new star to register his Hamlet—at such a time Miss Baylis staked her all on Shakespeare and the essential taste of working-class folk. She cut her way through endless obstacles, routed pessimism and discouragement, and in her time produced uncut the whole repertory of Shakespeare's plays. She put Shakespeare on the map. Her record stands unchallenged. She is the pioneer and discoverer of the new Empire of the mind which was Shakespeare's neglected heritage. And after the years of struggle, suddenly the West End "heard" of the Old Vic, and the oligarchy, greatly daring, began to drive across the bridges and boast of what they had done in the cause of art. I often wondered why the pit and gallery did not hoot those starched white shirts. It was very courteous, very noble of them.

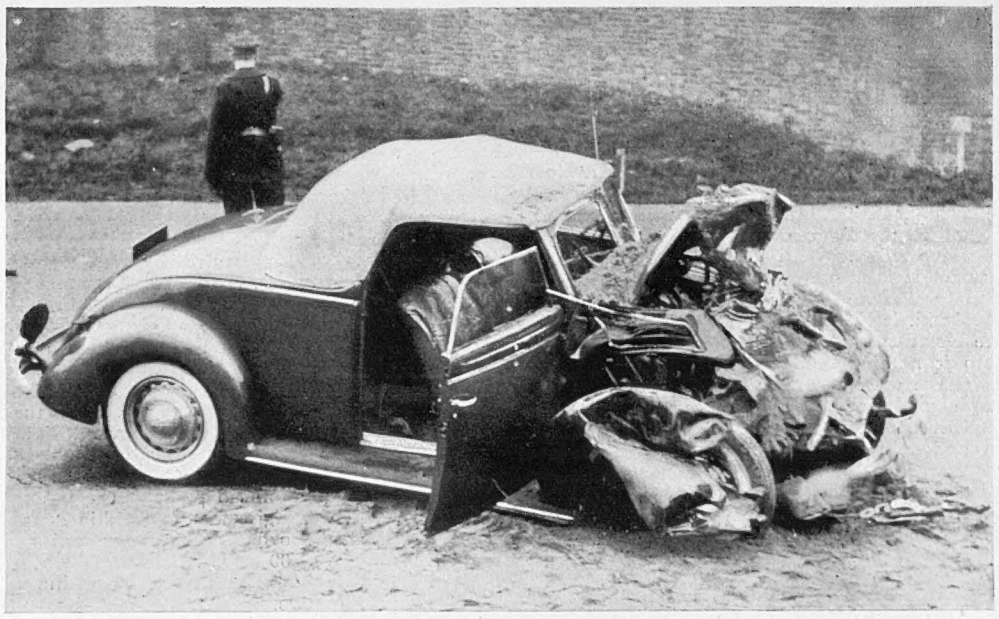
LITTLE MAN, WHAT NEXT?

—Young men and young women of to-day are capable of endurance and endowed with courage equal to the greatest pioneers (who were men) of the Elizabethan Age. The latest record flight to the Cape and back broke of course a score of records and put on the map (a few months ahead perhaps) the probability of bringing the Cape within 2 days flight of Croydon. Certainly a cruising speed of 300 m.p.h. may now be confidently expected in the air within a year or two. The Eyston land speed record is more likely to remain a record. There does seem to be a ne plus ultra to land-speed (unless on a measured mile built at a prohibitive cost for a mere stunt) because of the resistances and obstructions and inequalities of the most perfect natural stretch. It seems likely that the land-speed record will hang round about 320 m.p.h., however great be the improvements in engine design and body design. But the air is another thing. Cruising speeds of 300 m.p.h. will bring the Cape within 2 days of Britain. It is therefore probable that living men will see the journey reduced to within 24 hours. Why not? Cruising speeds of 400 m.p.h. are practical politics. And what then? Little man what then? You will be able to get to the Cape in a day, to Cairo for luncheon, to Paris and back before breakfast. Will you be happier, richer, more useful? Will the world be a better place? My optimist friends assure me, yes. The quicker we can reach our neighbours, they say, the more we learn to understand them. But are we to-day so much nearer to understanding them? are we to-day so much better informed as to their thoughts than in the days before air travel?

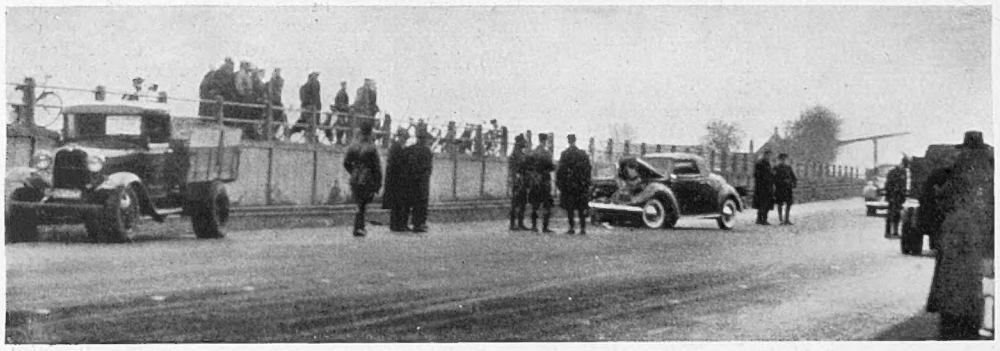
THE OLD STAGER

CHRISTMAS IS COMING: Holborn's curb market is once again in full swing and hundreds of youngsters out shopping with their mothers are having the time of their lives looking at the numerous novelties the street traders have to offer. "Pop-eye, the sailor" seems to be the particular attraction in this picture, but more popular still are the mechanical toys

FROM THE HEADLINES



PRINCE BERNHARD OF THE NETHERLANDS INJURED: The wreckage of the car in which His Royal Highness was driving on the road from Bussam to Amsterdam when, through the slippery nature of the surface, he crashed into a lorry at full speed, sustaining concussion and a wound on the forehead. The Prince was taken to hospital and it was subsequently stated that his condition was satisfactory

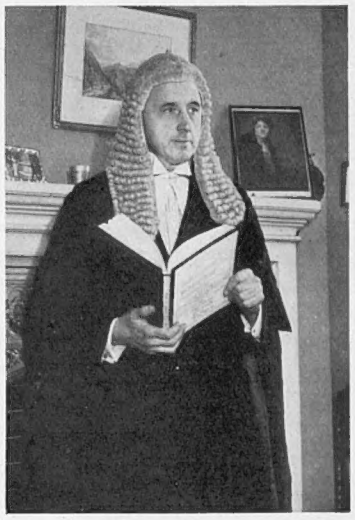


THE SCENE OF PRINCE BERNHARD'S ACCIDENT showing the lorry which had turned into the main road at this point and at the moment of doing so had been hit in the rear left side by the royal car. Crown Princess Juliana, who was advised to remain at home on account of her approaching motherhood, insisted on going to her husband's bedside immediately and has since been staying in the hospital in company with Queen Wilhelmina in order to avoid the fatigue of making daily journeys

THE CROYDON AIR CRASH: Debris scattered over the aerodrome after a German freight machine had hit the top of a hangar when taking off in a dense fog last week. The pilot, the second officer, and the wireless officer were all killed instantly and the hangar was set on fire by the exploding aeroplane

SOMETHING BREWING: The Government's proposal to reconstruct the fountains of Trafalgar Square as memorials to Earls Jellicoe and Beatty is developing into a wider proposition and architects are now suggesting that the lay out of the Square should be altered and brought more into line with what the architect Barry would have wished. Whatever is done will have to receive the sanction of Parliament, and as it is bound to prove immensely controversial it will be a little surprising if our legislators who, in a troubled world, have so much else to think about, are asked to tackle the question

HE DID THE EXPLAINING: M. Margerie, Second Secretary at the French Embassy, who was present at the Downing Street discussions between the French Premier and Foreign Minister and Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Eden, interpreting from English into French

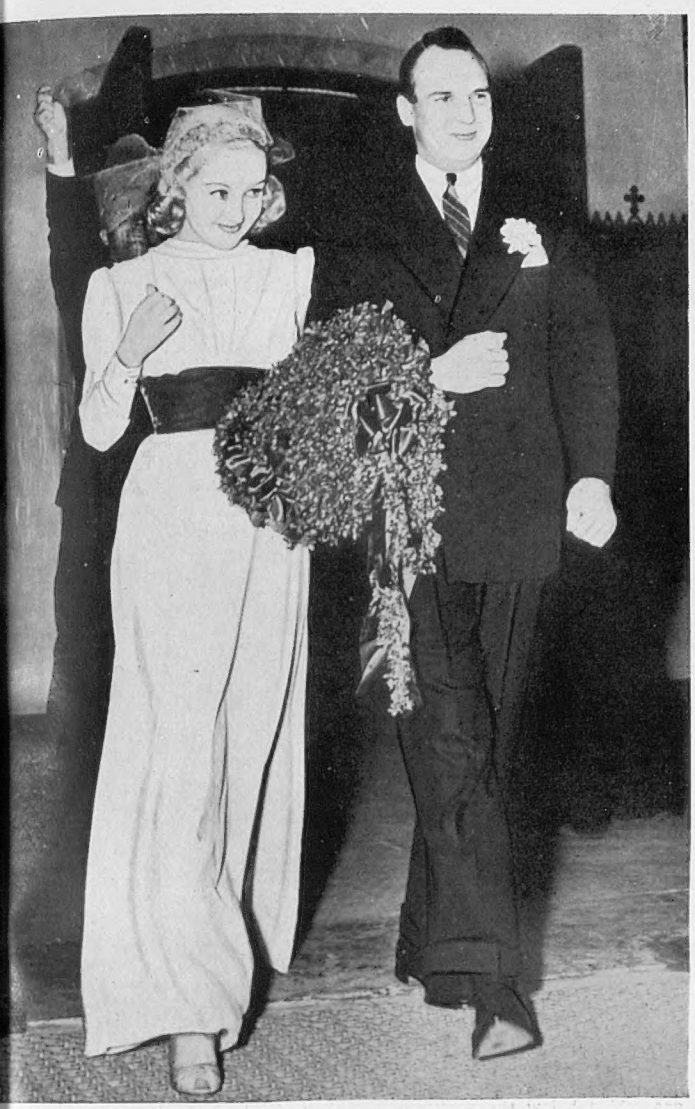


NEW COUNTY COURT JUDGE: Sir Berkeley Hurst, K.C., who has been appointed to the Bristol circuit (No. 54) and in January will move to circuit No. 56 including Bromley and Croydon

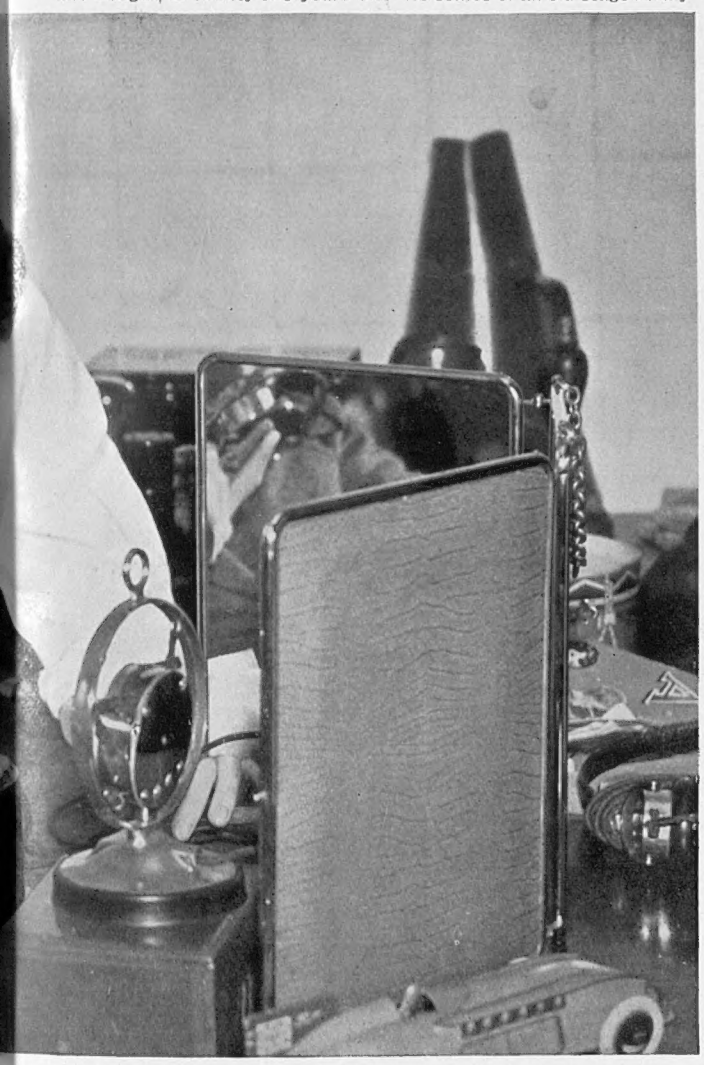
BRITISH AGENT FOR NATIONALIST SPAIN: Sir Robert Hodgson, K.B.E., who has been appointed to represent our commercial interests in General Franco's territories

BEGINNING TO LIVE—A MODERN MIRACLE: This four-year-old Australian boy, David Kennedy, who has been deaf and consequently dumb since birth, has at last started to talk as a result of the treatment he is receiving at the Deaf Clinic of the Infants Hospital, Westminster. As depicted here, he is taught to listen

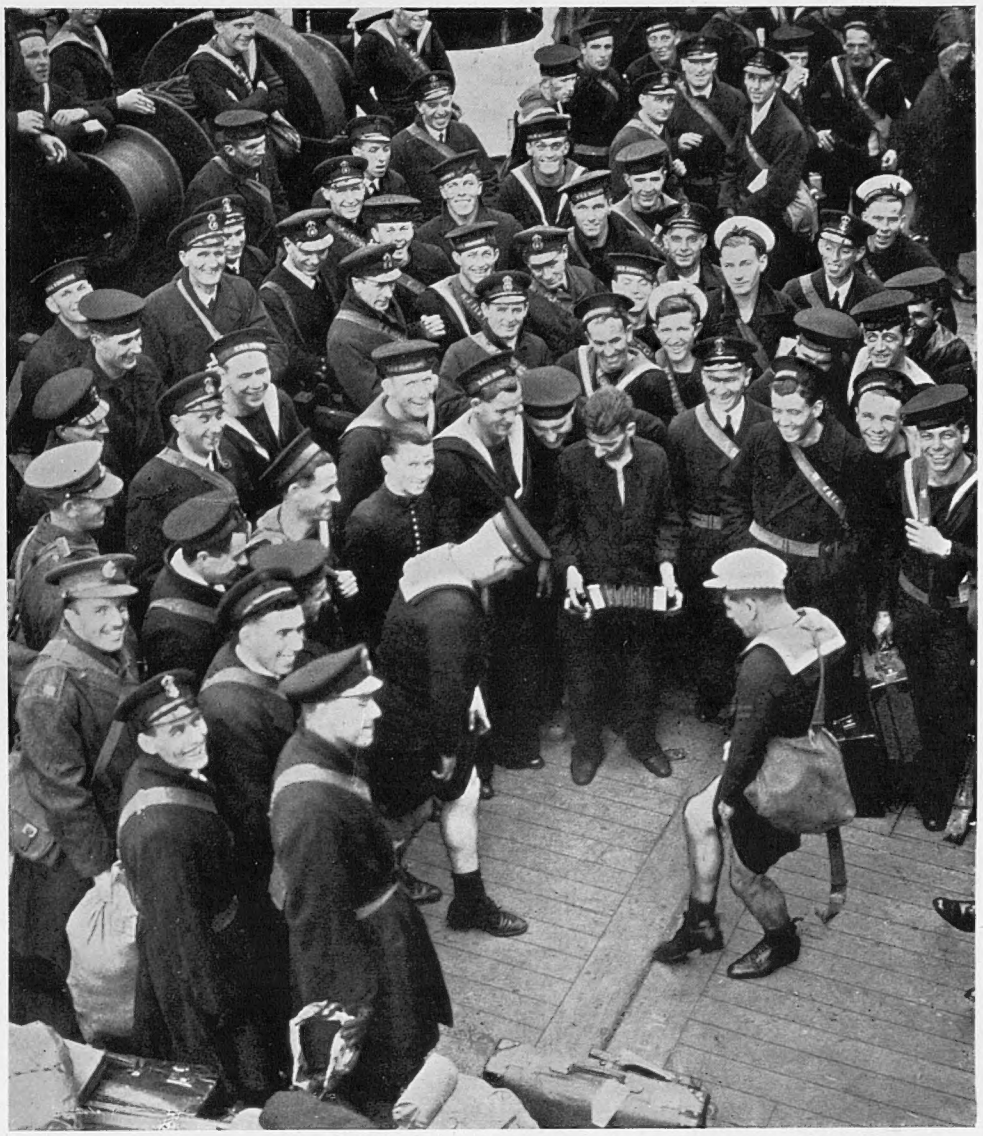
A Survey of Events at Home and Abroad



JACKIE COOGAN WEDS: Once he was the child-wonder of the screen and starred with Charlie Chaplin, now he is grown up and is pictured here leaving St. Brendan's Catholic Church, Hollywood, with his blonde film actress bride, Betty Grable. They are having a brief honeymoon at Palm Springs before resuming their work in the studios. Mr. Coogan is twenty-two years old. He comes of an old stage family



to sounds through his fingertips by placing his hands on a disc through which pass the vibrations of the teacher's voice. These vibrations at once travel to the boy's brain and he is able to repeat the sounds with his own voice. He has already learned to articulate four of the basic words of babyhood—"dad, mum, ta, baby"—and daily is adding to his vocabulary

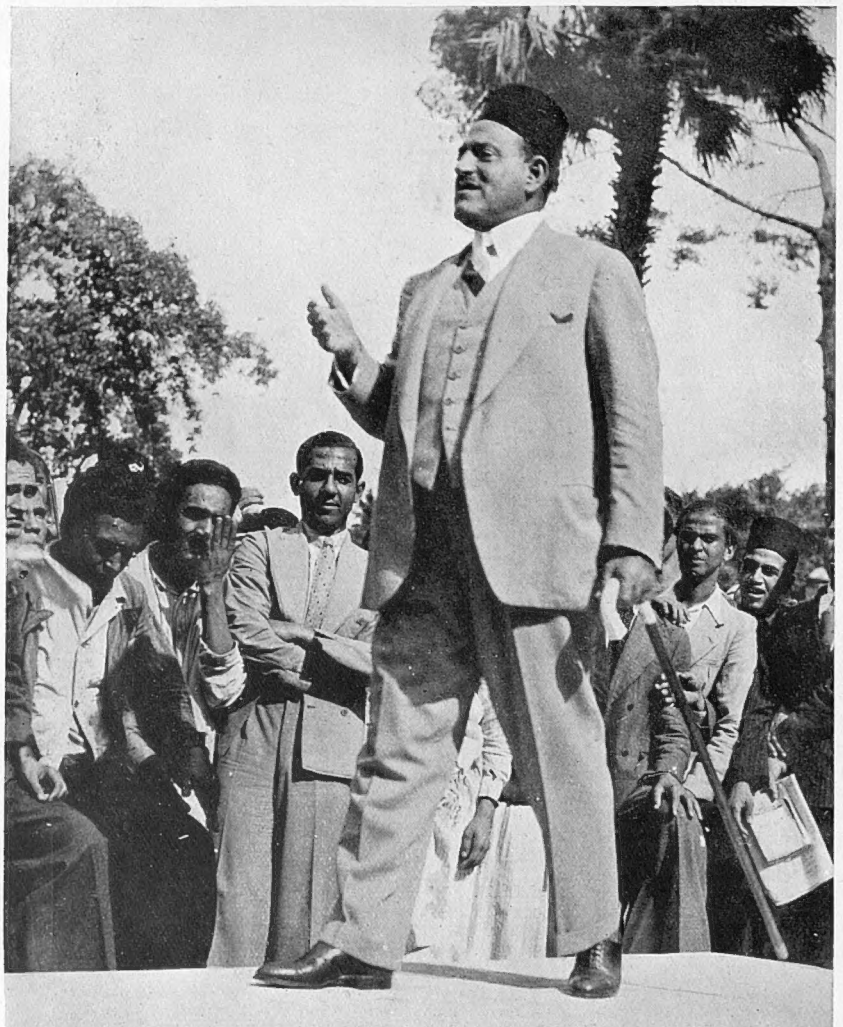


BACK FOR CHRISTMAS: Soldiers and sailors watched an impromptu dance, to the accompaniment of a concertina, by one of their number when they arrived at Southampton in the *Montcalm*. They have since dispersed to their homes in various parts of the country, having leave until after Christmas

A TREAT FOR R.A.F. CADETS: A troupe of charming show girls from the London Casino went down to the Royal Air Force School at Cranwell last Sunday and taught the men a thing or two about balance and control. They performed these wonders at the invitation of Wing-Commander J. R. Cassidy, who had seen them on the stage. There was a serious side to the entertainment, as the Ayro Wheels give their users much the same sensations as those experienced by pilots when turning, banking, and spinning. Anyone who can work one of them is likely to be at home in the air

FAR AND WIDE

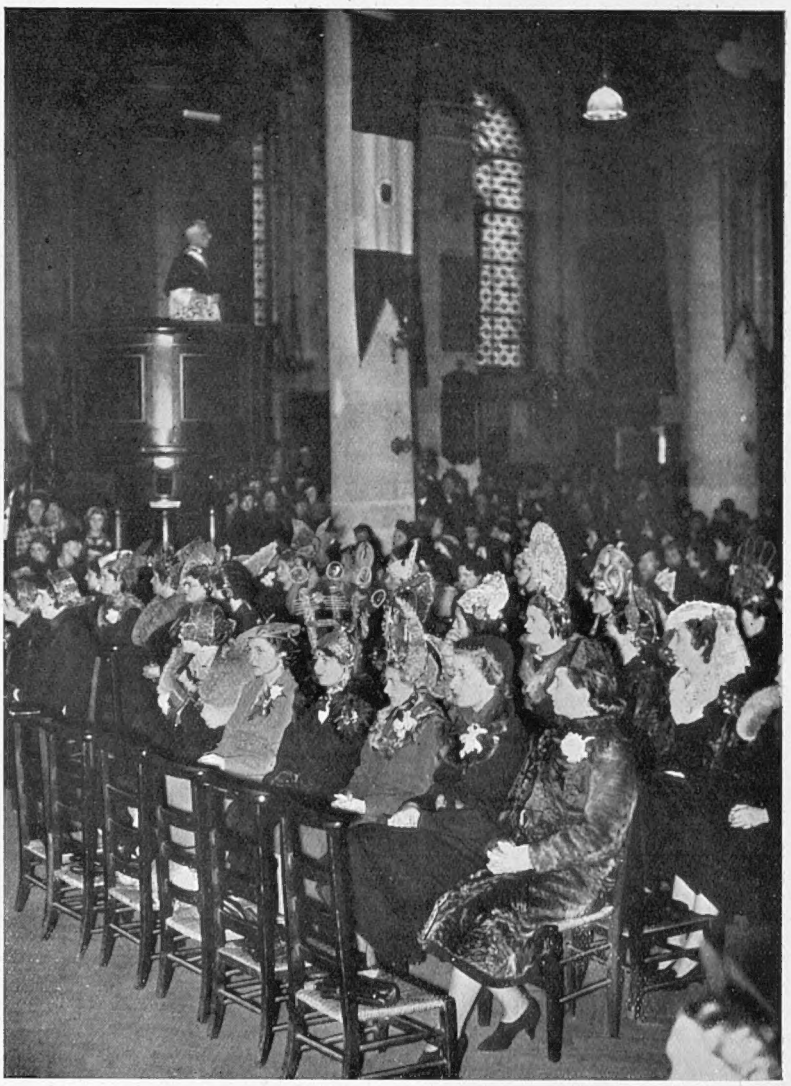
News from Egypt, France, Belgium, and Sweden



THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF EGYPT'S PREMIER: A characteristic study of Mustafa Pasha Nahas, who narrowly escaped last Sunday when a man named Isz-est Din fired shots into his car when he was travelling from Heliopolis to Shuka

THE BELGIAN CABINET CRISIS ENDED AFTER 30 DAYS: M. Dierck, Minister of the Interior; M. de Warnaffee, Minister of Justice; and M. Marck, Minister of Transport, pictured outside the Royal Palace, Brussels, after being received by the King together with their colleagues in the Ministry of National Union which was formed after the country had been without a Government for over four weeks

ST. CATHERINE'S DAY IN PARIS: The Catherinettes, unmarried girls of twenty-five years old, assembled below the statue of the tutelary saint of virgins in the Rue de Cléry; a gathering that takes place annually on November 25, and is a survival of celebrations once held with the utmost splendour



THE CATHERINETTES FORGATHER: Members of the congregation of spinsters, some in picturesque headgear donned for the occasion, pictured in the church of Notre Dame Bonne Nouvelle, during the service held on St. Catherine's Day in Paris. *On left* — The actress, Sickan Carlsson, who took the part of St. Lucia (a saint held to be the herald of Christmas), and who, in traditional fashion, wore candles in her hair, waited on Hollywood star Robert Taylor at the farewell luncheon given to him by Swedish screen folk on the eve of his departure from Stockholm, where he has been paying a visit

ALBANIA CELEBRATES TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF INDEPENDENCE

King Zog Marks the Occasion with a Big Military Review in the Streets of Tirana and a Ball at the Royal Palace

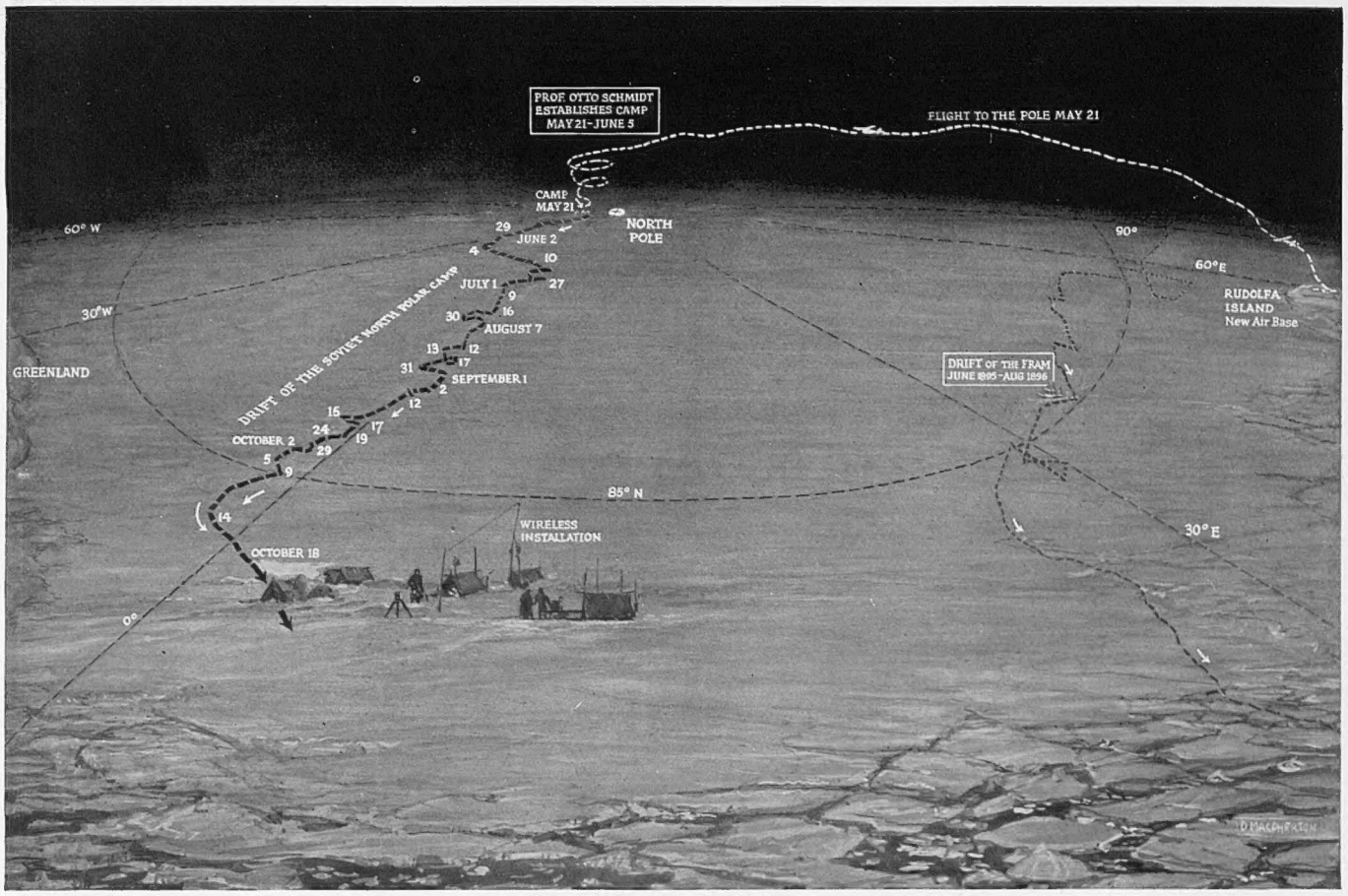
WATCHING THE MARCH PAST: King Zog, accompanied by some of his sisters, and by relatives, Government officials, and military chiefs, at the great parade held in his capital, Tirana, on November 26, to commemorate the 25th anniversary of Albania's independence of Turkey. Fifteen thousand troops, including a number of mechanised detachments, took part, while His Majesty's three unmarried sisters, Princesses Myzeyen, Ruhije, and Maxhide, each appeared at the head of a company of 100 girl students of the Feminine Youth Battalion. A year ago many of the girls were wearing the veil, but since March 25 last the veil and its attendant customs have been abandoned by law. During the review an Italian aeroplane flew over the crowds, scattering leaflets stating, "Long Live the Albanian Nation"

THE PRINCESSES IN ALBANIAN COSTUME: Four of King Zog's six sisters pictured in national dress at the ball held in the Royal Palace at Tirana on the evening of Jubilee Day; a function that lasted until the early hours of the following morning and was attended by all the notabilities in the State and many foreign diplomatic representatives. The Princesses are usually dressed in the height of Western fashion, thus setting an example to the women of Albania now that veiling has come to an end and rapid progress is being made towards westernisation

THE ROYAL BROADCAST: King Zog delivering his message to youth on Jubilee Day. He was born in 1893, a member of the powerful family of Zogolli, and supported William Prince of Wied when the latter was made King of Albania early in 1914. He fought for Austria in the great war and subsequently continued his political career, becoming successively Minister of the Interior (1920), Minister for War (1921), Minister of the Interior (1922), and Premier (1922). He was forced to take refuge in Yugoslavia in 1924 but returned after a few months and was elected President of the Republic. Four years later he became King and at once instituted Liberal legislation

SOVIET SCIENTISTS DRIFT FROM THE POLE ON AN ICE-FLOE

The Floating Camp Reported to Be in Danger of Breaking Up—A Sketch Map of its Movements



THE POLAR ADVENTURE: This diagrammatic drawing, specially made for *The Sphere* by D. Macpherson and compiled from information kindly furnished by the Royal Geographical Society, shows the path of the Soviet expedition's flight to the Pole in May of this year and the subsequent drift towards Greenland of the camp established on a drifting ice-floe which, according to the latest reports, is said to be cracking up, thus imperilling the members of the party. This drift is compared with that of the Polar ship *Fram* in the last century

ON May 21 of this year Professor Otto Schmidt, Director of Soviet Exploration in the Arctic, flew north from the new air base on Rudolfa Island with four companions piloted by Vodopyanov and landed on an ice-floe some miles from the North Pole. In a subsequent wireless message he announced that five tents had been erected, and he anticipated that the station would drift towards America, but that the party of four whom he would leave there hoped to keep in constant touch by means of radio and to conduct important researches which would possibly enhance the safety of flying in the north Polar region.

Since then this floating observation station has been steadily drifting, as shown in the accompanying diagrammatic sketch, and a message received on November 28 indicated that it was then near the coast of Greenland, and the floe was showing the first signs of cracking under the pressure of the surrounding ice-fields, a circumstance that at once gave cause for some alarm. As complete darkness envelops the camp the scientists are not able to determine the full extent of the damage, but continuous deep rumbling makes it apparent that some break-up has taken place.

Early last month it was decided to withdraw the men to the mainland in January, four months earlier than was expected, but now conditions have altered again, and the next step is being anxiously awaited.

SHANGHAI—PAST AND FUTURE

The World's Fifth Greatest City Now at the Cross-Roads of Destiny

By FREDA UTLEY

SHANGHAI is at once the focus and the concrete symbol of British interest in China. This, the fifth largest city in the world with its towering office blocks, banks and luxury hotels, its magnificent Bund and fine avenues contrasting with the narrow lanes of the congested Chinese city outside the Settlement boundaries, has during the past century grown out of a tiny British settlement on the mud-flats of the Whangpoo.

To-day the International Settlement forms the most cosmopolitan city in the world with its 6,600 British, its 3,017 White Russians, 2,000 Americans, 1,000 Germans, and hundreds or dozens of almost every other nationality of Europe, Asia, and America. The legal status of the International Settlement, which forms a more or less self-governing business community, is unique—neither foreign nor Chinese—a result of the unequal or "semi-colonial" status of China. For although Chinese constitute over 90 per cent of the inhabitants of the Settlement only five Chinese sit on the Municipal Council which (together with the Consular authorities) administers it, as against five British members, two Americans, aud two Japanese. Until 1927 the Chinese were entirely excluded from participation in the administration. Yet Shanghai is not foreign territory like Hong-Kong but still part of China. The same applies to the French Concession administered by the Consul and an advisory body of ratepayers.

To understand how Shanghai has come into being one must glance back more than ninety years. Prior to the first opium war waged by Britain against China in 1840 such foreign trade as the Manchu Emperors of China reluctantly permitted was confined to Canton, and foreign traders were not permitted to visit any other port or to travel and reside in the interior of China. Moreover they might only deal with a licensed guild of Chinese merchants.

The Treaty of Nanking in 1842 forced China not only to cede Hong-Kong to Britain, but also to open four Chinese ports to foreign trade and residence. The four ports were Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai. Here British Consuls (and subsequently those of other Powers) were appointed with extra-territorial jurisdiction and trade was no longer monopolised by the Chinese merchant guilds. It suited both the Chinese, who were anxious to restrict as far as possible all contact with the foreigners as tending to corrupt their old civilisation and way of life, and the foreigners anxious to defend themselves and their property against "mob violence" that the place of residence of the foreigners should be separate. Hence the special areas allocated for foreign settlement.

Out of the ground set apart for British residence at Shanghai in 1842, and that allocated a few years later to the French and to the Americans, has grown the great modern city of Shanghai. Around it spreads the Chinese city, part of which is old and congested and part modern and spacious with new buildings, wharves and go-downs which, had the Japanese not blown them to bits this year might one day have rivalled the foreign areas as a port and business centre.

Of Shanghai's total of 3,500,000 inhabitants, 1,500,000 live in the International Settlement and French Concession, and 2,000,000 live, or rather lived, in the Chinese districts under a Chinese administration: Chapei, Nantao, Pootung, and Woosnug.

The amount of foreign capital invested in Shanghai is enormous, Great Britain alone having a £60,000,000 stake in the bricks and steel of the city and a far larger one (possibly £180,000,000) if trade is considered. Far the economically most important half of China is served by Shanghai. Nearly half of the £250,000,000 which we have invested in China is in Shanghai, and far more than half will be lost if Japan controls the Settlement or cuts it off from the hinterland of China. 40 to 50 per cent. of China's foreign trade passes through Shanghai providing about half of the total Chinese Maritime Customs revenue on which China's foreign loans are secured and out of which the payment of the Boxer Indemnity is made.

Whereas ten years ago Britain had to prepare to defend her interests at Shanghai against the oncoming flood of triumphant Chinese nationalism, to-day those interests are threatened far more seriously by Japan. Ever since the Japanese blasted Chapei to bits in 1932 they have coveted control of Shanghai. Of recent years they have accused the British of unfairly dominating the Municipal Council of the International Settlement and demanded the supersession of British by Japanese personnel. The 30,000 Japanese at Hong Kew (aptly designated as the only part of China which has recognised Manchukuo) consider it as their own concern, although legally it is part of the International Settlement. Several incidents have arisen as a consequence of this Japanese usurpation of the right to administer Hong Kew. In 1934 a British sergeant of the Municipal Police was illegally detained at the Japanese naval station there, and there have been frequent clashes between the Japanese and the Settlement authorities.

The effect of Japanese pressure both on Chinese and foreign interests in Shanghai, as over the rest of China, has been to draw the latter closer together. The position as compared with 1927, or even with 1932 when the Settlement authorities by declaring a state of emergency to some extent assisted the Japanese attack on the Chinese city, has radically changed.

In 1926-7 the British Government was faced with the prospect that the victorious Kuomintang armies which had swept up from the south under anti-imperialistic slogans would force their way into the Settlement, join hands with the Communist trade unions in the City and demand that it be given up to China. This had already happened to the British concession at Hankow. A defence force was hurriedly despatched to Shanghai under command of Major-General John Duncan to "protect British lives and interests from mob violence, disorderly troops or any form of violent attack." The cost of this Defence Force in the Estimates submitted to the House of Commons was over £3,000,000.

In the final outcome British and other foreign interests in Shanghai were saved, not by the defence force, but by the split between the right wing of the Kuomintang led by General Chiang Kai-Shek, and the Communists. The split occurred before the Kuomintang armies entered Shanghai and the Communists and trade unionists in the city were wiped out by Chiang Kai-Shek.

British diplomacy and moderation was largely responsible for this triumph of the moderate or "bourgeois" wing of the Chinese national liberation movement. Since then relations between the Kuomintang Government of China and the British, Americans, and French have become more and more cordial. To-day they face a common enemy in the person of the Japanese militarists, whose aim is not only to crush China but to oust all foreign influence, trade, and investment from China. To-day the claims and interests of the British, Americans, and French in China constitute not an object of attack for the Chinese patriot but a shield—if only an inadequate one—against the complete conquest of China by Japan.

At the present moment British interests are most seriously threatened at Shanghai, where the Japanese have already taken control of the posts, telegraphs, and communications, and threaten to supersede the British Inspector-General of Customs and the Chinese personnel. If they substitute Japanese for International control in the Settlement and retain control of the waterfront territory in the Chinese city, they both can—and will—throttle all British, American, and other foreign commerce. Before they drove the Chinese army out of Greater Shanghai, the Japanese had already established their own Customs depots in the Hong Kew and Yangtzepoo sections of the Settlement. According to a statement issued by the Japanese Foreign Office in Tokyo on November 29, Japan now hints that she may lock up all the Maritime Customs receipts in Japanese banks until China makes peace. Such action would both destroy the basis of Chinese credit, deprive foreign bondholders of their interest, and very substantially ameliorate Japan's uncertain financial position and help her to carry on her war in China.

EUROPEAN ROUNDABOUT

Habsburgs and Bourbons in the News: King Victor Emmanuel in his Native City: M. Delbos Receives Latvian Foreign Minister

OF THE HOUSE OF HABSBURG: Archduke Eugene, relative of Archduke Otto, the young Pretender to the Austrian throne, admiring a model boat exhibited by one of the boys at the International Scouting Exhibition in Vienna. The Archduke comes and goes in Austria at will and, as the chief representative of his family in the country, is frequently the central figure in Royalist demonstrations in various towns. During the past year, however, the question of restoring the monarchy has been more or less at a standstill

On left— HENRI ROBERT FERDINAND MARIE LOUIS PHILIPPE, COUNT OF PARIS: These are the high-sounding names of the son of the Duke of Guise (Bourbon pretender to the French throne). He has just left Switzerland at the request of the Federal authorities who objected to a statement that he intended to communicate to the Press regarding, it is believed, the discovery of secret arms stores in France and their possible connection with a plot to restore the monarchy. The Count is now twenty-nine years old and has several children

THE KING OF ITALY IN NAPLES: His Majesty talking to an officer during his visit to the military college on the occasion of its 150th anniversary celebrations. The King, who is a Neapolitan by birth, has always been keenly interested in the city and its institutions. In 1896, when still Crown Prince, he was in command of Naples Army Corps

TÊTE-À-TÊTE AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY: M. Yvon Delbos (right), French Minister for Foreign Affairs, in consultation with M. Munters, Latvian Foreign Minister, who has been paying a visit to the French capital. M. Delbos arranged to accompany M. Chautemps to London at the week-end to exchange views with Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Eden

HOW THEY GET FROM RED TO REBEL SPAIN: Through the medium of the Red Cross and the United States warship, *Maine*, there is now in operation a system whereby women and children may be transferred from Government-held to Insurgent territory, and many hundreds of people, finding themselves through force of circumstances on the side of the lines alien to their sympathies, have already availed themselves of the opportunity. They board the *Maine* at Valencia, cross to Marseilles, journey by train to Hendaye on the Franco-Spanish frontier, and cross the International bridge into Irun, which for a long while past has been in rebel hands. *On the left* passengers are depicted leaving Marseilles, with officers waving goodbye, and *above* are seen changing money on board ship in order to pay their fares

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HOLLAND LOOKS TO HER FRONTIERS.—II

How this Traditional Neutral is Preparing the Defensive Programme she now Deems to be Essential

By ROY ELSTON

A MACHINE-GUN DIVISION MOUNTED ON BARGES: A system of defence suited to a land of great waterways

WATCHING THE DUTCH ARMY MANŒUVRES: General van Voorst tot Voorst with General Sneychens, a noted veteran of the Dutch army

In a recent article in "The Sphere" Roy Elston revealed how Holland, in modern times a land that has set her hopes on maintaining neutrality, has felt bound at last to look to her frontiers—seeing no security in a troubled Europe and only danger ahead for herself. In the following article he continues his observations and shows something of what is being done to strengthen the national defences.

"DIE Holländer verkriechen sich in ihre Liniën," such was Von Moltke's contemptuous dismissal of the Dutch in 1870—they will slink behind their lines of defence.

In the first place, Von Moltke's remark reveals the usual incapacity of the German to judge character; the Dutch are not in the habit of running away. They might, however, in a modern war be knocked away; and if they rely upon character alone they most certainly will be knocked away.

I have tried to show in a recent article in THE SPHERE that this risk has become urgent—more urgent than at any other period of Dutch history. "We are the next *Tummelplatz* of conflicting European armies," said a well-known Dutch soldier. Unless, he could have added, Dutch military strength is developed to prolong adequately the Franco-Belgian barrier and rule out all risk of a westward offensive.

That is impossible. "The best we can do," said Dr. Colijn, the Prime Minister, "is to strengthen ourselves sufficiently to justify the help of our friends." Their friends, let me add, may be anyone. It is not the Dutch policy to admit friendships until circumstances prove their worth.

But even such cautious words as those of Dr. Colijn are unusually significant. Until a few years ago Holland had no potential enemies. To-day she is surrounded by them; and this reversal in Dutch traditions has become plain not only to her strategists but to people throughout the whole country. There has been hardly a single word of criticism levelled against the Government's proposals for largely increased defence expenditure.

Holland still regards the central water line—the so-called "Vesting Holland," as her essential and impregnable defence core. It is to the whole country what the keep was to a medieval castle, and relies almost completely upon a highly complicated system of inundations. This water-line gives the Dutch a strange sense of security.

I am not sufficiently of an expert, nor have I been sufficiently let into secrets, to form an adequate judgment on the efficacy, in the face of modern methods of warfare, of the Dutch water system. But I feel very sure that it can only be used as a last resource, when two-thirds of the country are already overrun and the enemy firmly enough established in Dutch air and naval bases to push its main offensive east, south, or west.

Besides, many of the largest centres of Dutch industry lie outside the "Vesting Holland": so does the line of march south-west from the Rhine to Antwerp. "It's all right for you," said the Burgomaster of a well-known city in Brabant, addressing Amsterdam and the north, "it's all right for you behind your ditches; but what of us? What of Limburg and Brabant with all their cities dead in the line of fire?"

MAN-POWER PROVIDES THE SOLUTION: Pushing a Dutch army lorry after it had become embedded in sodden ground

The Government have seen the point. Instead of concentrating on the central defence core they have extended their measures to the frontiers themselves and to the main lines of communication. At most of the important fording places along the rivers they have constructed so-called concrete "casemates" on the Belgian pattern, which, modest though they are as a system of fortifications against a mechanised army, are definite obstacles to any attempted invasion.

But they can do nothing more than trip an enemy up. Certain responsible quarters do not think the system adequate to delay a surprise offensive long enough to allow of mobilisation before lines of communication and big bases are in enemy hands.

The General Staff at the Hague hinted to me that there is more in the Dutch frontier defences than meets the eye. I suppose there is. I hope there is. And if so, then the Dutch are masters of camouflage. Their difficulty, of course, is to know which points of the frontier are the most vulnerable. Any systematic fortifying of the whole line is out of the question, and most of the money and effort available must be concentrated on such obvious danger-points as the provinces of Limburg and Gelderland and their lines of communication with the North Sea coast.

On left—HOLLAND AND HER NEIGHBOURS: Limburg and Gelderland are regarded by the Dutch as the most vulnerable frontiers, while the situation of Drente, in the far north, is also a matter for concern

I wonder if the Government think the Eastern frontier, where German territory loops in the province of Drente, vulnerable? I asked that question of a highly-placed War Office dignitary in the Hague. "Go and see," he said, with the smile of a hoarder of secrets. I went.

The province of Drente is by way of being remote; and looks it. It is a peaty country, with here and there a copse full of wind, and groups of beggarly farmhouses brown against a big, slate sky. Into this province loops a section of the German County of Bentheim. The loop, which is wooded and sparsely inhabited, runs deep and ends opposite the Dutch town of Coevorden.

Within that loop are a number of *Arbeitslagers*. There are also heavy gun emplacements, said to be practise grounds for the trying out of Krupp products, and air observation posts. All probably quite harmless.

The point is, that Dutch territory from the frontier to the Zuyder Zee is within range of those heavy guns; and that territory includes an essential ganglion of the Dutch North-South railway system. Dutch mobilisation plans, put in force about the same time as a surprise offensive from the East began, would be up against a serious obstacle if railway communication between the important provinces of Friesland and Groningen were cut off.

Another point to consider is that the new Zuyder Zee dyke is only a few hours' march from Drente. There are critics of the great dyke who say that it has weakened the Dutch defences beyond repair; but here, at least, important defence works are under construction.

As for Drente itself, in spite of the smiling Staff dignitary in the Hague, I could see not the slightest sign of defences. It was not intended that I should see them. What I did see, as I sat on a terrace of the main square of Coevorden, looking down the road to the German frontier, was a Mercedes car. It came bowling out of Germany without the least interruption at the Dutch frontier, circled the square at Coevorden, and then bowled back into Germany. In the car were two uniformed German officers.

I wonder if there is any other European frontier where that could occur? The Dutch attitude to frontiers was summed up in a notice on the door of the empty frontier-station just beyond Coevorden: "Back in half-an-hour!" I crossed and re-crossed twice without meeting a soul.

The main new measures of the Dutch Government to provide against possible invasion do not, however, lie in the direction of frontier fortifications. "Our Maginot line will always have to be composed of flesh and blood!"

The first step towards increasing the efficiency of that line of flesh and blood has been the extension of the period of military training from five to twelve months. In a few years it ought to be

(*Continued on page* 436)

CARING FOR CHINA'S WOUNDED

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek Organises the National Nursing Services

Refugees Shot Down on the Jessfield Railroad Bridge, Shanghai

MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK'S RED CROSS WORK: The wife of the Chinese Generalissimo pictured with some of the nurses at the Nanking Orphanage which she has turned into a military base hospital to meet the needs of the hosts of injured who have been coming in daily from the southern battlefront. In addition to her other duties as personal adviser to her husband Madame Chiang Kai-Shek is the organiser of the now highly efficient national nursing services

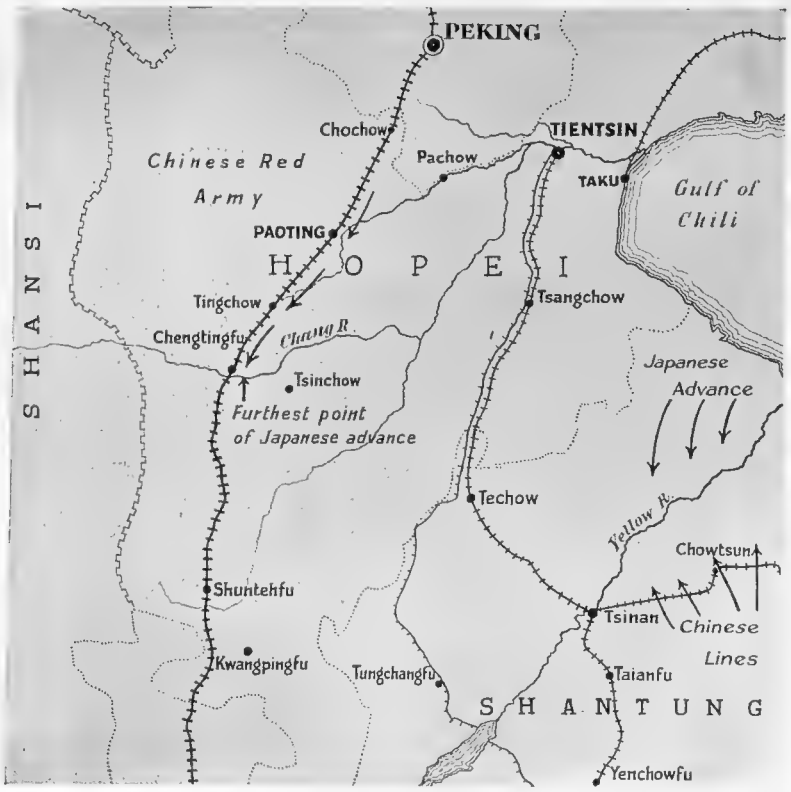
SOMEONE TO LEAN ON: A wounded civilian being helped along by a friend in one of the improvised hospitals in Shanghai, where the accommodation has been taxed to the uttermost. The number of wounded in Japan's last big drive reached incredible figures

WHEN THE CASUALTIES COME IN: Madame Chiang Kai-Shek watching a new arrival at the Nanking Orphanage building which is now a hospital, and is hard put to it to deal with the volume of injured who have been pouring into the city at an increasingly alarming rate

ORPHAN FOR A DAY: This Chinese baby was unfortunate enough to be lost in the rush when thousands of refugees poured out of Chapei as the Japanese forces entered, and fortunate enough to be restored to his parents through the help of an American

BID FOR SAFETY: Chinese refugees making a hazardous crossing of the Jessfield railroad bridge over the Soochow creek when fleeing from the Japanese. As there was no footway they had to clamber from girder to girder, a perilous task in itself, while their plight was rendered even more desperate when they were caught by the cross-fire of machine-guns. A number were killed

JAPAN GAINS ON BOTH



THE WAR ON THE NORTHERN FRONT: On November 17 the Japanese drive towards the Yellow River in Shantung brought them to the north bank on a line thirty miles in width. There they halted temporarily, while the Chinese forces in opposition took the opportunity of strengthening their defensive positions in the region of Chowtsun. Farther west the Japanese have not been making much progress of late, being busily engaged in clearing their communications on the Peking-Hankow railway south of Paoting

DURING the past few weeks the Japanese military command has constantly reaffirmed two military objectives:

(1) To master the Shanghai area before or during the Brussels Conference.
(2) To finish the fighting on all fronts before the spring so that the main forces can return to Japan.

The first of these two aims has been accomplished. General Matsui, commanding the Japanese forces at Shanghai, has declared himself master of that city by virtue of his recent conquest of 1,800 square miles of Chinese territory encircling the Foreign Settlements. Already he is making Japanese might felt by demands upon the authorities of the French and the International Settlements for the suppression of Chinese activities within their borders. In Greater Shanghai he has announced that Japan will henceforth take over China's sovereign rights, including control of customs, telegraphs, post office, and courts.

Toward accomplishing the second of these two aims, Japan has made rapid strides. Pressing down from the north she has already taken possession of four of the five provinces that have been her desire since 1935 (THE SPHERE August 14, 1937 p. 280): Hopei, Suiyang and Chahar, are completely under Japanese military domination; Shansi has been invaded and its capital, Taiyan, is now occupied by Japanese troops. The postal services in Chahar and Suiyang have been severed from Nanking, and those of Peking and Tientsin (Hopei) have been forced to appoint twelve Japanese advisers. The fate of the fifth province, Shantung, is still problematical but the Japanese military spokesman at Peking declares that its capital, Tsinanfu, is the next military objective in the north.

Japan's delay in attacking Shantung is said to have been due to a long-nurtured hope that Governor Han Fu-chu might secede from Nanking and bring his Province and his army of 100,000 men intact under the banner of Japan. This hope has been fostered during the past four months by General Han's abstention from active collaboration with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek. Japan has special interests in Shantung that make her militarists loath to bring destruction upon so coveted an area. On two other occasions her troops have invaded this Province and Japan has for a time tasted the pleasure and profit of its possession, only to be deprived of it by foreign intervention; first, after the Sino-Japanese war of 1894, and afterward during the great war when Japan captured Tsingtao, Kiaochow, and Tsinanfu from the Germans, took over the German "sphere of influence" and the German-owned railway. But Japanese influence and material interests have remained strong in Shantung.

On left—A JAPANESE ARTILLERYMAN: A bearded warrior fighting on the southern front where the invading army has, following the initial period of close fighting, gained such spectacular successes, flattening down the opposition by sheer weight of armament

TRENCH WARFARE IN OPEN COUNTRY: Japanese infantry temporarily ensconced in a new-won position north-west of the city. Judging by their attitudes the men are waiting for the word to advance still farther and follow up the work of their fighting planes, which in the present campaign are being used to fulfil the function of the artillery barrage

THERE FOR GOOD? The Japanese engineers are faced with the task of extricating this light tank which broke down the wooden bridge it was attempting to cross and came to rest suspended between the walls flanking a stream. It seems it will just have to remain where it is unless some ingenious person can devise a way out of the contretemps

A CHINESE TANK TRAP NEAR PAOTING: This huge trench, which is situated just to the north of the city, was prepared in the hope that it would hold up the advance of Japan's mechanised units. A Japanese spokesman has stated that tanks were not used during the attack on the place

FRONTS: A Detailed Survey of Her Chinese Campaign to Date

Hope of getting Shantung without fighting faded from the Japanese scheme, however, when General Han last month ordered all Government employees in the province to vow resistance to the death against Japan. And General Han proceeded to suit the action to the word by disposing his troops to meet the Japanese onslaught on Wuchenghsien. Shantung is, however, exposed to attack both by land and sea. Already Japanese troops have invaded its territory north of the Yellow River and are now preparing to force a crossing of that natural defence. Meantime trainloads of Japanese troops have been leaving Tientsin for, it is believed, the Shantung area.

All these advances by Japan have failed, however, to break the Chinese morale. Japanese spokesmen declare that this can be most effectively accomplished by the destruction of the Nanking Government. With this in view the militarists have turned from their Shanghai victories to an offensive on the capital.

ON THE SHORES OF HANGCHOW BAY: A few of the Japanese infantrymen who landed unopposed on this lonely stretch of coast and then marched northwards

With the Yangtze River blocked below Chinkiang to keep Japanese warships from approaching Nanking, the Japanese command took the alternative of a land approach. While the Chinese were engaged in trying to maintain their defences around Shanghai, Japanese marines from forty transports, brought directly from Japan, landed near Chapoo on the coast about 60 miles south of Shanghai. The day before transports had been sent to Liuho on the Yangtze, and forty-two Japanese warships and scores of armoured trawlers appeared in the river between Shanghai and its seaport, Woosung. This was a ruse to keep Chinese attention focused on the Shanghai area, while the marines, under cover of darkness were landing on the sandy coast of Hangchow Bay. Warplanes and warships protected them by sea and air while they were being rushed ashore in a fleet of 180 armoured launches. It is said that there were several divisions with artillery.

At once they began a rapid march toward the defences which stretch for more than 100 miles from the Yangtze River to Hangchow Bay, passing through Kashing and Soochow. This double line of fortified points was intended to screen Nanking from just such a possible advance from the coast. Already the Japanese have pierced it at several points, shelling Soochow, cutting the Shanghai-Hangchow railway west of Sunkiang, and capturing Wusih, an important city on the Shanghai–Nanking railway. Two columns of Japanese troops are moving westward over this area, one skirting Tai Lake to the north, the other to the south, both bound for Nanking.

This sudden advance has determined the Nanking Government to move its offices to Chungking, a thousand miles farther inland on the Yangtze. General Chiang Kai-Shek is reported to have resigned the premiership in order to stay and take personal command of the army. The foreign embassies have moved their staffs to Hankow, while Nanking, the proud capital that has suffered so many vicissitudes during the centuries, awaits its doom. The Chinese say it will take the enemy six months to break through the "Hindenburg Line".

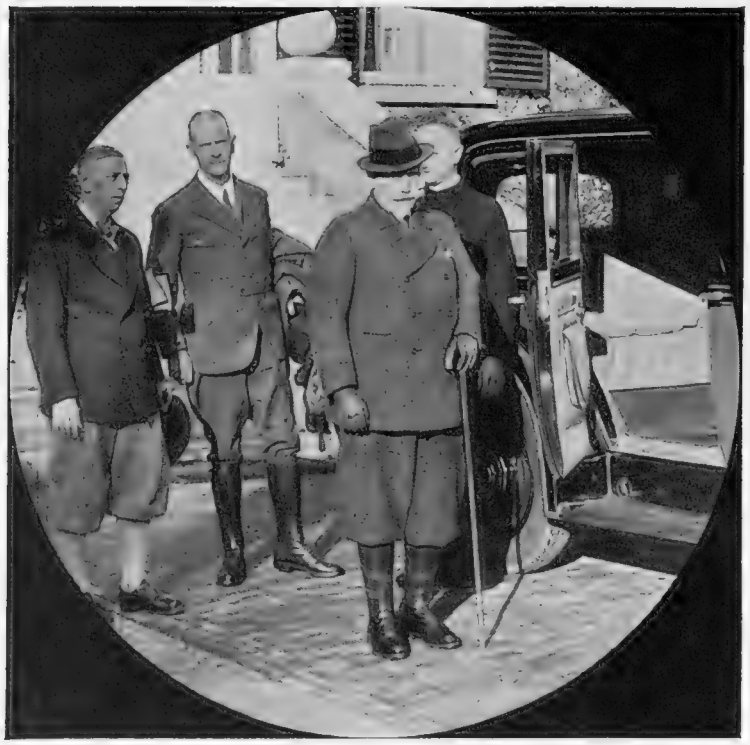
It is believed that the Chinese troops in this area number about 400,000, while the Japanese force has been brought up to 150,000 by the arrival of the new divisions from Japan. But Japanese reinforcements continue to arrive, eighty more transports appearing a few days ago just below Shanghai. The balance of numbers in favour of China is more than offset by Japanese superiority in equipment, generalship, and organisation.

Meantime Japan has begun to consolidate her position in the area already under her control. Her officials are said to be setting up puppet governments in North China like that in Manchukuo, with strict supervision of newspapers, theatres, and schools by Japanese "advisers."

F. E. Dean

RE-BUILDING A STEEL BRIDGE ON THE PEKING–HANKOW RAILWAY: Japanese engineers working at full pressure to restore normal conditions on this important artery of communication on the northern front. Their plan of operation was to lift each span and support it on temporary timbering

THE WAR ON THE SOUTHERN FRONT: A sketch map showing the chief centres of importance in the Shanghai–Nanking region. At the end of last week, the Shanghai area having fallen completely within their power, the Japanese were pushing north-westwards towards Nanking but were being held up by the Chinese on a line stretching from the Yangtze to a point between Changchow and Soochow. Some military experts are of the opinion that Chiang Kai-Shek should not have attempted to hold this line, deeming it wiser for him to save his man power and to adopt guerilla tactics. Of late the Japanese have acquired reinforcements, large bodies of men having landed unopposed on the shores of Hangchow Bay and marched northwards in order to join the advance. Meanwhile Chinese officialdom has been leaving Nanking



GOING FOR A DRIVE: The ex-Kaiser about to enter his car in the courtyard at Doorn Huis, the Dutch St. Helena. His clothes, Mr. Greenwall tells us, are locally made, but he still obtains his boots from the Berlin firm that used to supply him

THE IRON KAISER

An Intimate Glimpse of the Exile of Doorn Who, as His 79th Birthday Approaches, Maintains His Vigour and His Silence, Living a Life on the Borderline of Boredom

BY HARRY J. GREENWALL

THE ex-Kaiser Wilhelm is seventy-nine years of age next month. I have been twice to Doorn and know the daily routine of life within Doorn Huis. I am asked very often whether the ex-"All Highest" has been sufficiently punished for his alleged misdeeds. Please read my story and then you will be able to form your own opinion.

My first recollection of the almighty Kaiser dates back to my school days in Germany. I saw him first in a white uniform with gold facings. He wore a golden helmet on which perched an outstretched eagle, also gold. He was a magnificent, if theatrical, figure. He looked fierce; he looked the part of the great ruler of the German Empire. If one had known in those days that this great figure would totter and fall, and then run away, who would have believed this story?

IVY-CLAD DOORN HUIS, where the ex-Kaiser has now spent nearly twenty years of exile, living in semi-state and surrounded with every comfort

I saw the Kaiser for the second time in Hanover. With his son, the Crown Prince, he came to visit the city. He was not popular there. The Kaiser and his son drove through the streets in an open carriage, but the horses went almost at a gallop, and as the royal couple approached, the police turned their back on the Emperor and faced the crowd. No chances were being taken.

Then, one day, after the Revolution in Germany I went out to Grünewald to talk to that famous writer, Maximillian Harden. All his life he had hated and fought the Kaiser. Never shall I forget that dramatic moment when Harden gave a most graphic imitation of the Kaiser. He was telling me the story of how he watched the Kaiser at a naval review at Kiel. Harden stamped up and down the room, and waved his arm imitating the withered arm of his Emperor. Harden's opinion of the Kaiser was that he was a man with a mere façade, but what was behind that façade, none knew. I think now, on his seventy-ninth birthday, it is not quite unfair to say that the Kaiser is a man of iron. The great Chancellor Bismarck was called the Iron Chancellor. I see the ex-Kaiser as the "Iron Kaiser". At least he has taken dignity with him into retirement.

IN THE GLADSTONE TRADITION: One of the ex-Kaiser's favourite outdoor hobbies is chopping wood and he keeps Doorn Huis constantly supplied

When Mussolini began to be something more than a name, the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm II was more and more interested in the Italians. Every day, so they tell me, the Kaiser would say to the Marshal of the Court at Doorn, General von Gunther: "Now, what has Mussolini been up to?"

The Kaiser in his retirement—in his forced retirement—lives in semi-state. The man who sank from being the ruler of 60,000,000 people, now rules like a small country squire, on a 10-acre estate, and who, instead of planning battles, composing operas, and shaking the mailed fist, out of sheer boredom goes to help count the clean washing.

The ex-Kaiser has five secretaries. Besides the Marshal of the Court, which is his official title and which is recognised by the Dutch, there is an adjutant and several men- and maid-servants, but all of them are bound to secrecy. It is extremely difficult to learn what happens within Doorn Huis.

Doorn, the Dutch St. Helena, is an exceedingly pleasant model village situated a little less than an hour from Utrecht. Running off the main street of Doorn is a narrow road called Langbrocker Weg. At each corner of this street is an inn. About 250 yards up the road on the right is situated the home of the ex-Kaiser. The house is entirely surrounded by deep and broad moats, and a 5½ ft. wire fence. Standing just off the road is a red brick lodge. Just outside the lodge, there is a green wooden sentry box.

The lodge itself is a fair-sized residence. The right wing is used as the offices of the Marshal of the Court, and the other wing is used by the Dutch detectives who never let the ex-Kaiser out of their sight. There is a very large garden which has no flowers, but there is a small ornamental lake and large conservatories, a small chapel and a building where the ex-Kaiser stores the wood he so much enjoys chopping.

The house itself very much resembles an English country house. It has two storeys and it is covered with ivy. There is a small annex which is known as the Orangery. In the Orangery the Kaiser's step-children stay. There is quite a lot of pomp displayed in this country home of the ex-Kaiser. Some people may consider it pomp in small circumstances, but life goes on according to plan in the good old German style. But instead of being able to arrange the lives of his subjects, as he used to, the ex-Kaiser patronises the villagers to whom he talks, I am told, in exceedingly bad Dutch.

Wood-chopping is an outdoor hobby, but his indoor hobby is studying with a meteorological set of instruments which cost a great deal of money.

The ex-Kaiser rises at 6 a.m. in the winter and at 5 a.m. in the summer, despite the fact that he will be seventy-nine years of age next year. The Kaiser, so the people near him tell me, fears being alone, and is awakened every morning by his valet who sleeps in the adjoining room. As soon as he is up, the ex-Kaiser takes a tepid bath—in summer a cold bath—and then drinks a little coffee. Then the once mighty Emperor walks either in the gardens or through the village. At 8 a.m. punctually the gong sounds and then the whole household, staff, servants, the Marshal, and any guests who may be staying in the house, assemble in the hall where the ex-Kaiser reads aloud a chapter from the Bible.

Many guests who have stayed in the house strongly objected to having to rise so early and there have been angry scenes because the ex-Kaiser insisted that his will should be obeyed. It has been known for guests to cut their stay very short, not fully on account of early rising, but also because their days were planned for them, and they had to do whatever the ex-Kaiser decided they should do, whether it be wood-chopping or, in the summer, hay-making.

Some few years ago there was a terrible scandal in the village because some young Germans who had been staying in the house thought that the evening meal was too scanty, so they stole out of the house and went to one of the two inns where they ordered food and beer. When the Kaiser came to hear of this escapade he was extremely angry.

Breakfast in Doorn Huis is served in the Dutch fashion, and consists of bread and cheese, eggs, jam, and tea. After breakfast, General von Gunther goes to the Kaiser with a gist of the huge mail which reaches him every day from Germany. The five secretaries sort the letters. The Marshal also takes to the Kaiser cuttings from the newspapers. Practically every day the Kaiser criticises the ways of the world.

For a very long time the ex-Kaiser has been extremely interested in China. After the news of the day has been dealt with, the Marshal goes out and comes back again after a quarter of an hour, which the ex-Kaiser apparently spends in meditation, and then he asks his master what he would like to do during the morning. If the weather is fine, the ex-Kaiser and anybody who happens to be in the house, go out and chop wood, or cut grass, in the season, make hay or do some gardening work. When the supply of wood in the house is running low, the Kaiser will motor out some little distance away, and cut wood and have it sent back to the house.

(Continued on page 436)

THE LECTERN IN THE VESTIBULE AT DOORN HUIS where punctually at eight o'clock every morning the ex-Kaiser reads a chapter of the Bible to the assembled household

THE WOMAN WHO SHARES HIS EXILE: Princess Hermina whom the ex-Kaiser married in 1922, two years after the death of his first wife. Her happy disposition has done much to make the life of exile and comparative seclusion tolerable and she is said to be a first-class housekeeper

DEFYING ICE: THE AIR LINER'S MOST POTENT ENEMY

Imperial Airways Make Use of a New, Simple, and Secret Process Which They Have Already Found Most Effective

SAFETY-FIRST MEASURES FOR AIR LINERS: Mechanics spreading "killfrost" (the new and secret de-icing compound invented by Mr. J. Halbert) on the wings, control surfaces, propellers, and other parts of an Imperial Airways ship at Croydon Aerodrome. This paint has already been found most satisfactory in preventing the formation of ice, the thing that every pilot has perhaps most cause to dread, and Captain Powell, commander of the *Cambria*, reported following the last of his recent Atlantic flights, that even after two hours or more of blinding rain the "killfrost" still remained in quite sufficient quantity to be efficacious

THE INVENTOR OF "KILLFROST": Mr. J. Halbert explaining to a mechanic the potentialities of his new and secret de-icing compound which he first used to defeat ice incrustation in refrigerating plants and is now being employed to protect flying machines. About 30 lb. of the paint is required to cover the vulnerable parts

"QUEEN MARY'S" OF THE SKY: Men at work on a radial-cooled Tiger engine of one of the twelve new Ensign class air liners now being built for Imperial Airways by Sir W. G. Armstrong-Whitworth Aircraft, Ltd., at Hamble. The machines, which are to be employed on the overland route to India, will have accommodation for forty people and a cruising speed of 180 m.p.h. India will be reached in under three days

NEWS OUT OF EGYPT

KING FAROUK IN ALEXANDRIA: His Majesty with Prince Toussoun and Zulficar Pasha, (3rd from left) at a charity performance held at the Alhambra Theatre. In common with the King of Yugoslavia (Preparatory School), the King of the Belgians (Eton), and the King of Iraq (Harrow), he received a part of his training in England, but it was cut short by his father's death and his immediate succession

The Boyhood of King Farouk

The Young Monarch who is Shortly to be Married

KING FAROUK, whose marriage will shortly be celebrated in Cairo in a blaze of triumphant popularity amid the cordial good wishes of all his Egyptian subjects, curiously enough passed his childhood in comparative obscurity in the seclusion of the Royal Palaces of Qubba, near Old Heliopolis, and of Ras et-Tin at Ramleh, the important residential suburb of Alexandria.

It was not the custom of the native press to popularise the daily habits of the inmates of the Royal Palace, so that little was known of him outside the palace walls. Indeed it has to be borne in mind how lately Egypt's royal family has taken on a real significance in the eyes of the Egyptians, who, when King Fuad, Farouk's father, came to the throne, were at first apt to regard him as the chosen figurehead of the English.

King Fuad was once touring Upper Egypt early in his reign and visited Asyut Secondary School where he proclaimed a holiday on the birth of his son Prince Farouk. But the Asyut scholars did not want a holiday in commemoration of such an event. How different is the attitude to-day.

Shortly after there were grave political disturbances and all the schools went on strike throughout the country, vociferously supporting every resistance to the *Inglesi* and shouting their day-long chorus of "Yehya Saadi Pasha! Long live Saad Pasha (Zaghlul)!"

Meanwhile Zaghlul Pasha himself was busy receiving deputations of students in "the House of the Nation," his Cairo home, where he entertained parties of small schoolboys with ices and lemonade.

Prince Farouk (except for his period in England) never attended any school outside the palace gates. He received all his education from tutors under the tutelage of the Controller of the King's Household, Achmed Hassanein Pasha, the well-known desert explorer, who was himself a Balliol man. Like a young Hindu prince he consorted in his early years with the womenfolk of the Zenana, but no softness or loss of manliness resulted, as his fine physique attests. He never mingled with other young Egyptians of his own age. His sisters were his only playmates. With them he learnt to ride and fence at an early age, and studied foreign languages. Moreover he is the first of his line who can really regard Arabic as his mother tongue, speaking it with admirable fluency.

KING FAROUK IN CHILDHOOD: At play with the two elder of his four sisters, Princess Fewzie and Princess Faiza. *Below*—Rowing with the Princesses

EGYPT'S QUEEN TO BE: Fourteen-year-old Farida Zulficar, daughter of an Alexandria judge and member of an ancient Turkish family, who is shortly to marry seventeen-year-old King Farouk. Her mother was formerly Lady-in-Waiting to King Farouk's mother, Queen Nazli, consort of King Fuad

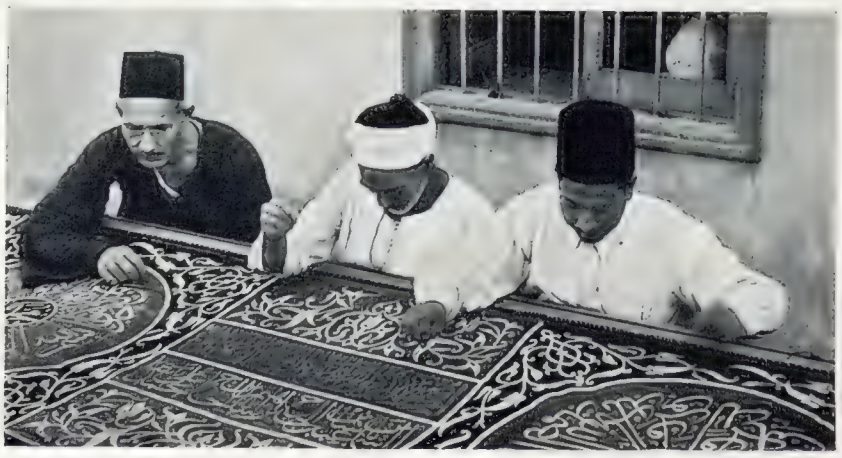
Schools and streets, such as the fine new boulevard which cuts through the heart of the native quarter of Cairo from Ataba el Khadra to the suburb of Abbasiya, were named after him. Later his personality came to be impressed on his people by his attendance at Boy Scout parades and other ceremonial functions.

Education was one of the subjects in which King Fuad was most interested, especially the education of women. The Institute of Feminine Industries was founded by Prince Fuad, as he then was, in 1916. It aims at training native women of the poorest classes of the population to produce fine and remunerative work, such as lace and embroidery, according to ancient national styles.

Her Majesty the Queen Mother speaks English and French fluently and is herself interested in art, especially in painting and photography. According to strict Islamic custom, however, she did not appear in public with her husband. It was the Khedive Ismail, King Fuad's father, who always regarded Egypt as a Mediterranean rather than an Oriental country, but though mixing freely in the life of the Europeans in her midst, Egypt has always retained her position as a first-class orthodox Muhammadan Power. She has never cast aside the faith of her ancestors and secularised herself in the way that Turkey and Persia have done. King Farouk's marriage, therefore, will be solemnised in the traditional manner of such ceremonies, but it is probable that the occasion will inaugurate a new era when the young King and Queen take their places in the full dignity of enlightened rulers of modern times.

A. E. Egerton

SIR STEWART SYMES RETURNS TO DUTY: The Governor-General of the Sudan and his wife being seen off from Cairo where they made a short stay when on the way back from London to Khartum. Sir Stewart was at one time accredited representative to the Permanent Mandates Commission at Geneva and he has also been Governor of Tanganyika Territory



MAKING THE "KISWA": Egyptian craftsmen at work on the holy carpet, an elaborate and richly beautiful work inscribed with religious texts in gold and silver. Next year it will be borne in solemn state from Cairo to Mecca in company with the Mahmal, the symbol of royalty. The journey was at one time made annually, but it was discontinued in 1925 and not revived again until last March

RESTORED TO ITS PRISTINE SPLENDOUR: The heraldic arms, commemorating the foundress of the College, above the main gateway of St. John's, Cambridge, as they appear now they have been re-painted under the direction of Professor Tristram, a work that has been done with the greatest delicacy and is the subject of much admiration. *On left*—A general view of the gateway

RE-BEAUTIFYING A CAMBRIDGE GATEWAY

Heraldic Devices Painted at the Entrance to St. John's College

THE rich heraldic ornamentation on the entrance to St. John's College, now once again resplendent in all the beauty of its appropriate colouring, contains a statue of St. John in the central niche (made by George Woodruffe in 1662), and below it are the Tudor rose and Beaufort portcullis devices commemorating the saintly Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, mother of King Henry VII, through whose bounty, coupled with the zeal of John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, the College of St. John the Evangelist was founded in 1511 and opened in 1516. This house of learning took the place of the Hospital of St. John which, according to Thomas Baker, an historian never wont to exaggerate, was in the hands of brethren "dissolute in their lives and prodigal in their expenses." It was through Lady Margaret's descent from John of Gaunt that the Tudors laid claim to the crown of England

THE FATE OF BRITAIN'S

There is an Easy Preventive for This Wholesale
The Preservation of Rural England: A Simple

OUR RURAL HERITAGE: Just a few examples of Britain's beautiful cottages, a class of dwelling upon which such disastrous onslaughts have been made during recent

No lover of the countryside can have failed to notice in recent years the widespread demolition of country cottages formerly occupied by agricultural workers. In this article an official of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England reviews the legislation controlling rural housing, and suggests how, by means of a simple amendment to the Housing Act, 1936, the continued destruction of good cottages can be checked.

BEFORE examining the legal powers for the unnecessary destruction of cottages which might be reconditioned and the compensating legal authority for their much-needed conservation, it would be as well to define a cottage and to point out that at present the Government recognises only one class of cottage. The legal definition, broadly speaking, is a rural dwelling-house of a capital value not exceeding £400 and let at a rental not exceeding the normal agricultural rent of the district, and occupied by agricultural workers or other persons of a similar standing.

Leaving cottages for week-enders and retired persons out of the picture for the moment, there are clearly three classes of cottage with which the present law has to deal.

First, there are those inhabited by rural workers which are already sound, or which may be made so by means of "repairs". Repairs under the Health Acts and the Housing Act, 1936, are distinct from reconditioning work and may not cost more than is deemed fit by a County Court judge.

Then there is that large and important class which will not pass the sanitary and structural standard required for rural workers without expensive reconditioning. It is in this class that injustices are most likely to arise owing to the present working of the Housing Act; injustices which affect rural amenities, rural workers, and town-dwellers alike.

The third class consists of houses of which the fabric and sanitary arrangements are so unsatisfactory that reconditioning will not bring them up to the required standard for any purpose. These cottages must be pulled down at once, old and new. Inefficient reconditioning is a greater crime than the demolition of good cottages. Health must be made paramount.

The actual practice of those local authorities whose duty it is to administer the Act entails a dual obligation. They are bound

(1) to see that health standards are properly maintained *and*

(2) "to have regard . . . to the desirability of preserving existing works of architectural, historic or artistic interest, and [local authorities] shall comply with such directions, if any, in that behalf as may be given to them by the Minister." (*Section 142, Housing Act, 1936*).

Now, in dealing with the majority of cases only the first part of this dual obligation is taken into account. That is to say, when a survey of cottages is made, it is the sanitary inspector or medical officer of health, or both, who reports to his housing committee on the condition of cottages. It is naturally unwise to expect sanitary inspectors in all cases competently to judge the architectural, historic, or artistic interest of the buildings they are examining.

Their high qualifications of another kind do not necessarily equip them for this particular duty. But this does not imply that most local authorities are unaware of their duties. Far from it. It merely demonstrates the natural dominance of the health aspect, and the varying, and sometimes vague, aesthetic standards adopted. Thus in Northamptonshire an official of the County Council has stated that he considers at least 80 per cent of the rural cottages in his county to be filthy slums, whereas in Devon and East Suffolk literally thousands of cottages have been reconditioned by owners with the aid of grants received under the Housing (Rural Workers') Acts.

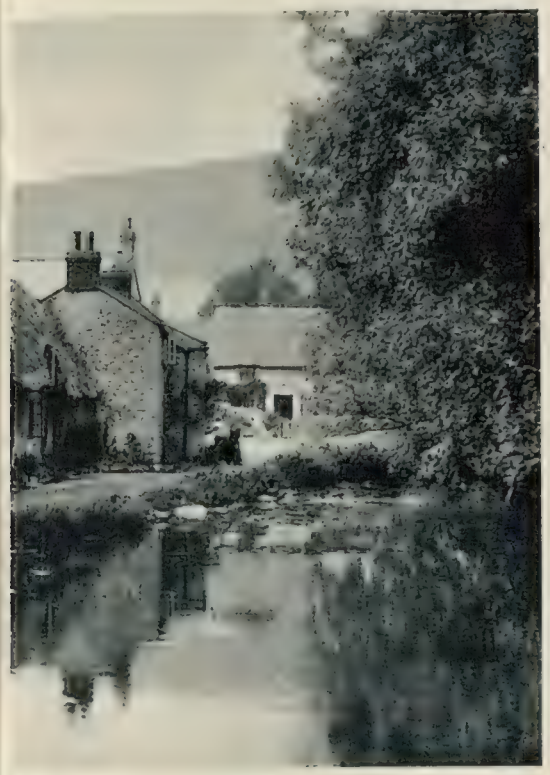
The absence of competent architectural advice may also be due to the urban attitude adopted in many quarters where rural housing matters are concerned, and the consequent insistence, even in the countryside, of urban standards. For in our

CONDEMNED: These lovely old cottages at Witham, near Chelmsford, Essex, are among the many in this county that have been threatened with demolition unless their owners spend a required sum in putting them in order

THEIR FATE IN THE BALANCE: A strong plea has been made for the preservation of this row of houses near the boyhood home of Mr. Lloyd George at Llanystumdwy, South Carnarvonshire. The Ley Rural District Council is anxious to get rid of them

COUNTRY COTTAGES

Destruction, Suggests The Council For Amendment to The Housing Act



years often, it now seems, quite unnecessarily big towns and especially in Greater London, aesthetic considerations are apt to be eclipsed. Further, it may not be entirely symbolical that the excellence of modern plumbing is not even debatable, while the beauties of much modern building are open to question. Let us, however, assume a virtue though we have it not, and make full use of our architects.

To make a proper rural housing survey sanitary inspectors and architects should co-jointly inspect and report. In the beautiful Essex village of Finchingfield the alignment of a whole village street was protected when architects were called in to assist the housing authority to make a proper decision. Reconditioning instead of demolition was found possible in the case of certain cottages.

Finchingfield is not an isolated case, and except that they do not sometimes care to accept architectural advice even when it is offered to them practically free of charge, local authorities cannot be held responsible for the present position. The fault lies in the Housing Act itself.

In the first place grants for reconditioning under the Housing (Rural Workers') Acts are only given on the express condition that the cottages remain in the hands of farm workers and the like for at least twenty years. The maximum increase in rent allowable works out at about 8d. a week. Obviously, if the sum spent on reconditioning work makes it uneconomic for the owner subsequently to let the cottage at an agricultural rent, he will be inclined either to allow the demolition order to stand or to recondition at his own expense and let to someone who can afford a higher rent. But if he does this no grant is available to housing authorities for rehousing the dispossessed agricultural tenant, who consequently has nowhere to go. The authorities are naturally most unwilling for this state of affairs to prevail. And so they sometimes prefer to serve clearance orders on good cottages without even offering reconditioning as an alternative, unless, of course, they exercise their compulsory powers to purchase and recondition on their own behalf. Thus virtually a premium is put upon destruction. You can build new houses only if you pull old ones down.

In this way hundreds of fine old cottages are needlessly destroyed. It is a very noble and most necessary thing to house rural workers according to modern standards, but that is no reason why week-enders and retired persons should not be able to occupy cottages which would otherwise be destroyed, when alternative accommodation is available. There is also no reason why satisfactory sanitary conditions should gradually deprive us of an integral part of that rural heritage without which England is so much dust and ashes. Health and beauty should go hand in hand.

The remedy for this state of affairs is so simple that extremists of all kinds will only feel contempt. **The Council for the Preservation of Rural England has suggested that when houses, pronounced as unfit for agricultural tenants, are withdrawn from use by those tenants and expensively reconditioned for other purposes not necessarily involving human habitation, then the rehousing grant shall still be available for accommodating the former tenants elsewhere. At present this is only effective for single cottages or pairs subject to demolition orders, and not whole groups subject to clearance orders.**

This amendment will have a magical effect on rural housing. Week-enders will get old cottages if they want them; rural workers will get new cottages if they want them; local authorities will get a more comprehensive rehousing grant and an enhanced rateable value from reconditioned cottages and the rural scene will not to be deprived of one of its best features.

A. G.

THE BEAUTY OF WHITEWASH AND THATCH: Old cottages at Finchingfield, an Essex village where, as noted in the accompanying article, so many really delightful places are threatened with destruction under the rather unsatisfactory terms of the Housing Acts

THE CHARM OF EYNSFORD: Only one of the picturesque cottages in this Kentish village where a number of dwellings have been condemned to demolition, much to the regret of a number of the local inhabitants

The SKETCHES *of* DE WINT

Masterpieces in Little that Have Been a Feature of the Loan Exhibition of this Artist's Work at the Usher Art Gallery, Lincoln

GEMS OF THE WATER-COLOURIST'S ART: Two examples of the sketches of Peter de Wint (1784–1849) which, together with larger pictures, have been on view at the Usher Art Gallery, Lincoln, in the loan exhibition of this artist's work organised by Mr. Geoffrey Harmsworth with the co-operation of a local committee. The sketches are of especial interest, for they reveal the fact that in producing them de Wint was really doing something he enjoyed These quick, virile drawings were dashed off in the interstices of time between one major commission and another

"GOING TO MARKET": This perfect little example of the sketching powers of de Wint is in sepia and measures only 8¾ ins. by 6¼ ins. Here indeed "we perceive the soul of the artist rejoicing in his work," as Mr. Geoffrey Harmsworth has so rightly said of these small canvases, and it is really remarkable how de Wint could make a flat piece of scenery on a few inches of paper appear as so many miles. Clare, the ploughboy poet, was greatly enamoured of the sketches and there is a letter in existence containing his deep appreciation of their beauty

NEWPORT ARCH, LINCOLN, AND CARNARVON CASTLE: An oil and a water-colour sketch of rare quality also included in the Usher Art Gallery's loan exhibition which has been extended to the end of December, the cathedral city with which so many of de Wint's works are identified and which he himself loved so well. The artist, who was of Dutch descent, was born at Stone, Staffordshire in 1784 and first exhibited at the Academy in 1807. He was one of the masters of the English water-colour school, excelling especially in the depiction of landscapes and farm scenes. His style may be said to fall between that of Cotman and David Cox

A COTSWOLD BARN

From the painting by R. Sharpley exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1937

THE COTSWOLD SCENE

An Unspoilt Country Where Agriculture Holds Its Own

By J. BAKER WHITE

MANY people, especially those who live there regard the Cotswolds as the most beautiful and unspoilt country in Southern England. Few who know this country well will dispute this claim, unless they dislike the warm grey-brown stone houses, stone walls, and the long rolling stretches of country that lie between North Beach and Birdlip Hill. It was the Romans who first realised the charm of this country. Forcing their way up from the Bristol Channel they traversed the country with the Fosse Way, set their guard posts on the hills, and built the town of Corininum, that we know to-day as Cirencester. A little later rich Romans from Bath began to build their country houses along the foot of the Cotswolds—probably the best surviving one is at Chedworth—and under their encouragement there came into being the agricultural industry that remains the mainstay of the Cotswold people to this day.

It is a district of neat, well-placed farms, with big stone barns with stone slab roofs. Very little thatch or brick is to be seen where there is plenty of stone ready to hand, and making up a gap in a stone, cementless wall is quicker and cheaper than trimming hedges or running out wire fences. Few of the farmhouses are new, and many of them, built like Middle Littleton in the sixteenth century, were formerly manor houses, just as Lodge Park, near North Beach, was built a little later as a hunting-lodge for Sir Ralph Dutton's vast house at Sherborne. Even when a new house or cottage is built in the Cotswold country the builder has the wisdom to use the traditional stone.

Gloucestershire in general, and the Cotswold country in particular, is probably the most completely agricultural area anywhere south of the northern Welsh counties. Of the 800,000 odd acres that lie within the county boundary no fewer than 619,000 are devoted to farming, of which 166,000 acres are under arable and 481,000 acres under various kinds of pasture. It is these grasslands that form the basis of the Cotswold scenery and with its coverts make it such good hunting country. Be it said, however, that the chips off the stone walls are liable to be poisonous to horses, and the wise hunting man always carries a tube of iodine.

It is not an important corn country, but has a considerable number of dairy cattle and sheep, besides its own particular brand of pig, the Gloucester Old Spot. It has 16,000 acres of orchards, of which over 5,000 acres are cider apples.

The close association of the farmers with hunting may be gauged from the fact that in addition to 11,700 horses for purely agricultural purposes they have nearly 5,000 others used for riding. At Cirencester is that important institution, the Royal Agricultural College.

The Cotswolds have resisted very successfully the advances of the speculative builders and "housing estate" developers, although Bristol lies not so far from the southern end of the range of hills, Cheltenham in the middle and Gloucester to the west. Now, however, a threat to the beauty of part of the country has come from another quarter, the Air Ministry. It is seeking to acquire a 400-acre site at Bishop's Cleeve, just north of Cheltenham, for the construction of a munition depot. The proposed site has no advantages in the shape of main roads, railway sidings, and public services, or a supply of surplus labour. It is some of the best agricultural land in the country, and the project is opposed by the County Council, the Cheltenham Rural District Council, the Borough of Cheltenham, farmers, landowners, and the general public.

At Quedgeley near Gloucester is a site that has been lying waste since it was used as a munition depot during the war. It is complete with railway sidings, canals, all main services, and is close to an ample supply of labour from South Wales and Gloucester. In spite of the existence of this site, in spite of the fact that the Bishop's Cleeve site would cost much more of the taxpayers' money to prepare, and in spite of local protests, the Air Ministry is at the moment adamant. Apparently it is determined to ignore not only authoritative opinion but economic and aesthetic considerations as well, just as has the War Office in establishing an anti-aircraft school in a particularly unsuitable position on some of the best agricultural land in Berkshire. Certain members of the Government have had something to say recently about the destruction of the countryside. They would do well to investigate the activities of certain State departments.

In spring, in high summer, in these present days of late autumn, or even when the snow is on the ground, the view from Standish, Spoonbed, Birdlip, or Stanway Hill is as beautiful as can be found anywhere in the south-west. Who can wish for a more typically English piece of country than that which lies between Northleach and Coln St. Aldwins, or a more beautiful country church than that at Fairford, with its priceless stained glass and the ghost of a fair lady that passes some nights along the green walk behind it? In most districts people come and go, but those who go to the Cotswolds generally stay there.

"QUEEN MARIA LOUISA OF SPAIN": This character-revealing portrait by Goya of the dissolute and domineering consort of Charles IV has recently been acquired by Booth Tarkington, American novelist and connoisseur, for his valuable private collection at Kenebunkport, Maine

OLD MASTERS *in the* NEW WORLD

And a Hogarth Rediscovery in a Private Collection in France

QUEEN MARIA LOUISA, who forms the subject of the Goya portrait reproduced on this page, was perhaps the most astounding woman of her time and, as surely as anyone, hastened the downfall of Spain in the Napoleonic era. Her husband, Charles IV, was weak and wholly incapable, spending his time in hunting and other amusements, while she, voracious in her appetites and managing to a degree, shared the power with Godoy, the young officer of the Guard upon whom she bestowed her favours and upon whom she persuaded her husband to shower honour after honour. Goya, who although Court painter was no flatterer, depicts the Queen just as she appeared to him, a woman devoid of good looks and without intellect. She lived to see the abdication of her husband, the fall of Godoy, and the coming of Napoleonic rule in the peninsula

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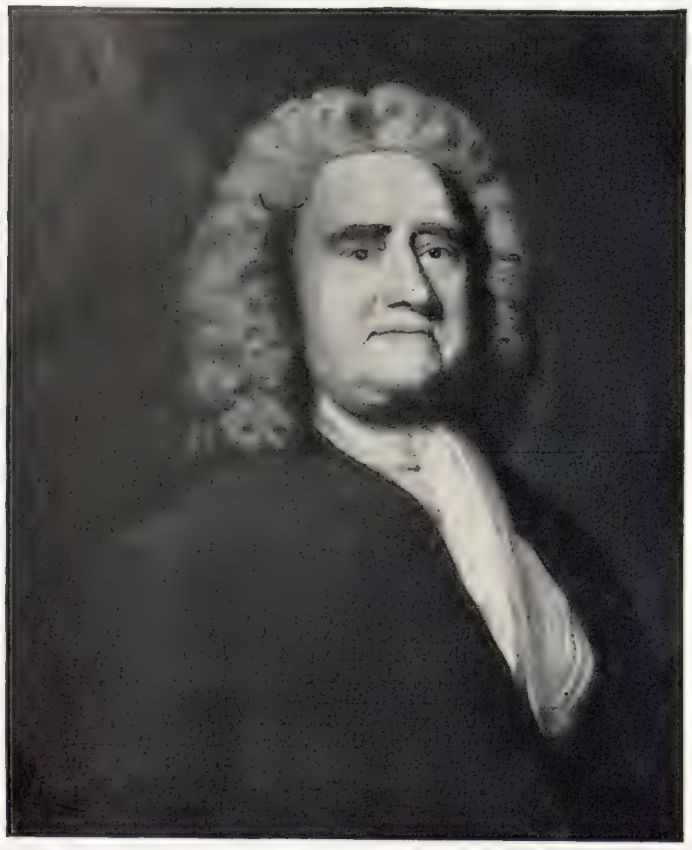
THE imposing portrait of Dr. George Arnold by Hogarth, reproduced below on left, is one of the outstanding rediscoveries made in the world of art in Paris this year. This masterpiece was found in a private French collection.

Little is known of the life of Dr. George Arnold, except that he lived at Ashby Lodge, in Leicestershire, but the existence of this portrait, together with another in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, and a third picture of the doctor's house, evidences that the great English painter must have been a friend of Arnold. It seems that there was a fine collection of old masters at Ashby Lodge, so Hogarth probably had more than one reason for visiting the Arnold home.

The pictures at the Fitzwilliam Museum were bequeathed, in 1873, by the Rev. J. W. Arnold, D.D., of Edinburgh. This rediscovered portrait, which was probably in another branch of the family, came to France about the same period by way of marriage between a Frenchman and a Scottish girl.

Dr. George Arnold can at once be recognised in this portrait on comparing it with the Fitzwilliam example. Here are the same firm, energetic features, and determined mouth, and the masterly technique of the whole painting clearly stamps it as the work of the man who did so much to revolutionise English portrait painting in the early years of the eighteenth century.



THE REDISCOVERED HOGARTH: This portrait of Dr. George Arnold, which had for long been out of the public eye and the existence of which was known to very few, has just been brought to light in a private collection in France and is the subject of much attention

"PORTRAIT OF AN AUTHOR": The oil-painting by Jacopo da Pontormo, pupil of Leonardo da Vinci and Andrea del Sarto, which has also been acquired for his collection by Booth Tarkington, the American novelist. It is painted on wood, and would appear to belong to the artist's early period, when his work was at its best and had not become so influenced by Michelangelo that it lost all its spontaneity

NATIONAL NOTABILITIES

An Abbess of Kyoto, a Rumanian Peasant Leader, a Ducal Spanish Agent, and a Royal Italian Viceroy in the News

PRINCESS MURAKUMO, Abbess of Jiuryu-Ji monastery in Kyoto, praying at the shrine of a Japanese soldier killed during the fighting in North China. On the little cloth-draped altar is a photograph of the dead man and various other objects

THE GOOD ANGEL: *Above*—Princess Murakumo, Abbess of Jiuryu-Ji monastery, Kyoto, pictured during a visit to widows and orphans of men killed in the Sino-Japanese war, and (*right*), a new portrait of her. She belongs to a princely family that has supplied abbesses to the monastery since time immemorial and she has lately intimated her intention of devoting her entire life to the cause of Nippon's bereaved families. Japan's losses during the present war are much greater than is widely imagined, and on some days the Tokyo newspapers have refrained from publishing casualty lists for fear of creating panic in the country

DEMOCRATS WERE DELIGHTED when King Carol of Rumania asked M. Michalache (*above*), of the Peasant Party, to form a cabinet following the resignation of M. Tatarescu, but their jubilation was short-lived as the Premier designate failed to make terms with other leaders

FRANCO'S CHIEF AGENT IN LONDON: The Duke of Alba and Berwick, former Spanish Foreign Minister and ardent supporter of the insurgent cause in the civil war, who has just been appointed to this post which coincides with the appointment of British agents in Franco's territory, now covering more than half Spain

ABYSSINIA'S NEW VICEROY: The Duke of Aosta, a cousin of King Victor Emmanuel, who has been appointed to succeed Marshal Graziani in the formidable task of completely pacifying and of developing the new Italian colony. The Marshal's resignation was due ostensibly to his need for a complete rest

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THE SITUATION IN SHAN

THE PROTECTION OF BRITISH INTERESTS: Sandbags piled in the window embrasures of the offices of Messrs. Jardine, Matheson and Company, one of the first British companies to acquire land in Shanghai when it was opened to trade in 1843 and, incidentally, one of the first to commence trade with Japan in the '50s. Britain has at least £180,000,000 invested in Shanghai

LOOKING FOR ARMS: A French policeman plunging his bayonet into sacks at the entrance to the French Settlement in order to make sure that their refugee owner has no concealed weapons. Similar watch is being kept by our own troops round the International Settlement

IN NORMAL TIMES THE BUSY HUB OF THE FAR EASTERN WORLD—to-d Shanghai showing the Whangpoo river in the distance and the great bu the Soochow Creek. The Japanese, having made themselves masters of the exercising a large amount of control in the economic life of Shanghai and had a peremptory ring. Japan is particularly anxious to manage the Chine remembered, provides the security for

"THE attitude of the Japanese military leaders at Shanghai towards foreign rights in the International Settlement has for some time past been a cause of anxiety to the Powers concerned," states a *Times* leader. "Over the week-end the Governments of Great Britain, France, and the United States severally but simultaneously made representations to Tokyo on the subject of what appear to be the Japanese designs on the Chinese Maritime Customs service (against the revenue of which certain foreign loans are secured). The British Government intimated that it would maintain its right to be consulted about any arrangement affecting that service; and its attitude is not likely to be more accommodating in the face of illegal threats to any of its other rights in China. The legal position with regard to both the Settlement and the Customs is perfectly clear, and has not been in any way affected by the developments of the

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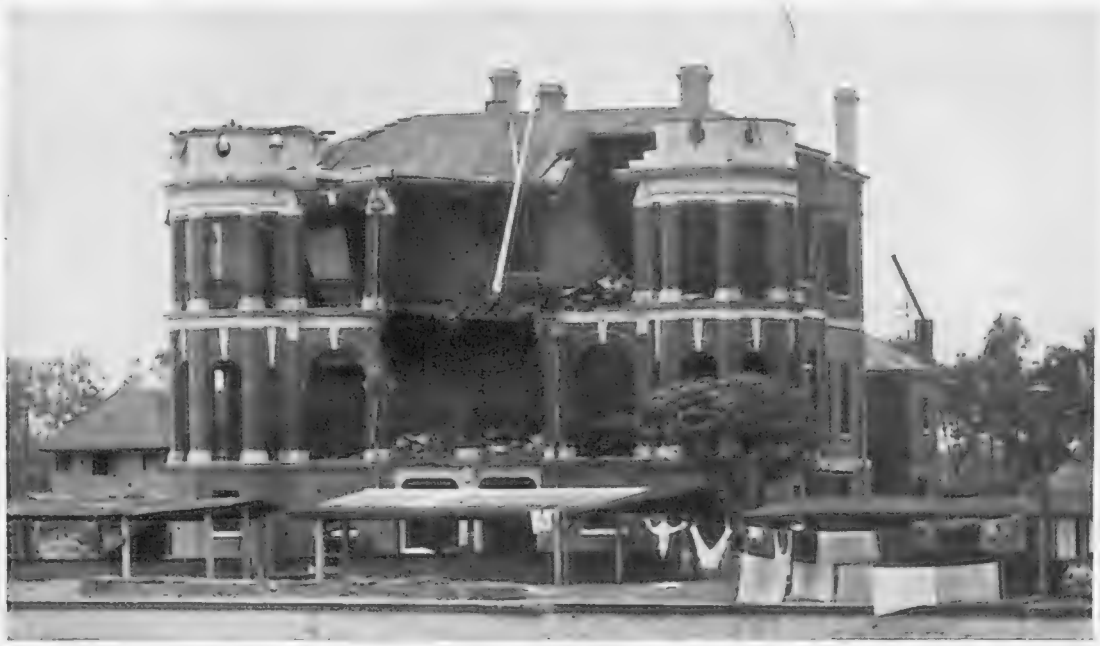
ANGHAI : Where £180,000,000 of British Money is at Stake

-to-day a city commercially paralysed. An aerial view of central t business houses of the International Settlement lying astride f the surrounding country, would now appear to be desirous of and some of the reported utterances of General Matsui have Chinese Maritime Customs service—a service which, it must be for British loans to China

ISH AND AMERICAN OFFICERS IN THE SETTLEMENT: Lieutenant D. M. Barchard, of the Royal Welch Fusiliers; Colonel E. B. Price, Commanding the 4th U.S. Marines; and Colonel Thomas Clark, of the 6th U.S. Marines, pictured together on the Bund

five months. The *de facto* position has, however, changed. The nese have made themselves masters of the Shanghai area at the cost me 40,000 casualties, and they can hardly be blamed for finding it alous that Chinese Government departments—including posts, tele-s, wireless, and so on—should continue to function normally in a of which part is now a Japanese military and naval base, and which ny miles behind the Japanese front line. At any rate they have fit to take over control of various services of the type mentioned"

EXCITED CROWDS in the Chinese quarter waiting for the latest news from the front. The city is thronged with refugees and a week ago it was reported that all the available rice supplies had been consumed, thus creating a serious situation. Since then several shiploads have arrived, furnishing sufficient stock for about a month, but the outlook for the winter is most unsatisfactory. All other foodstuffs are doubled in price



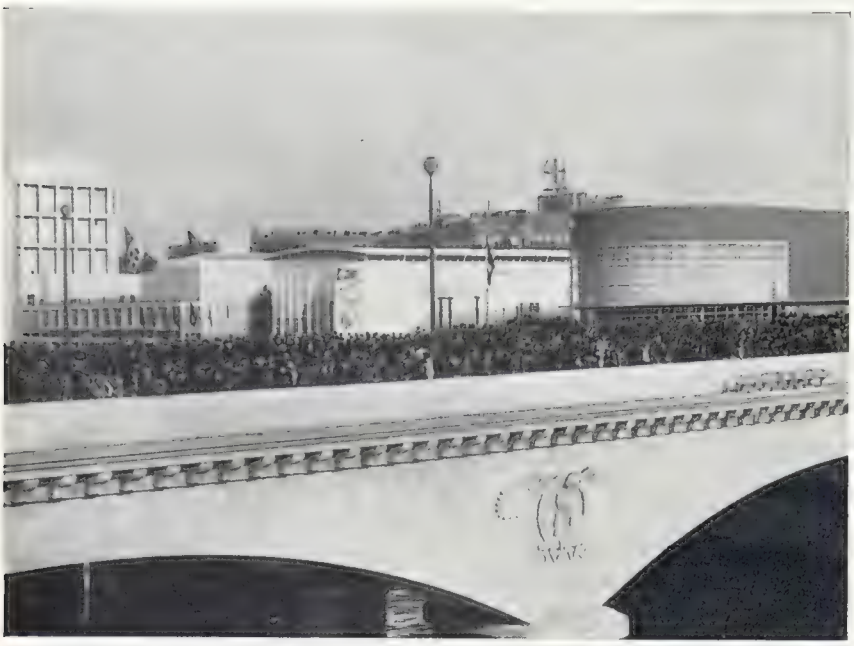
JAPANESE SHELLS DID THIS: The shattered façade of the Foreign Cable Office at Woosung following a bombardment. The Danish Great Northern Telegraph Company has a major interest in this building which provides yet another example of the way in which non-combatants have suffered in the course of the present war

JAPANESE MARINES HOLD A BRIDGE: On duty in their own quarter of Shanghai where they are constantly on the look-out for Chinese spies. Although the war has swept past Shanghai, the situation there would appear to be becoming increasingly difficult for British, American, French, and other business interests

HOMECOMING and BURIAL of MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD

THE ARRIVAL AT DEVONPORT AND THE FUNERAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: The body of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who died in the liner *Reina del Pacifico* on November 9, being borne ashore from the British cruiser *Apollo* which brought it back to England from Bermuda, and (*right*) the coffin being carried out of Westminster Abbey following the impressive service on Friday of last week, which was attended by members of the Government and notabilities in all walks of life. The King was represented by the Duke of Gloucester, and among the honorary pall bearers were the Prime Minister, the Speaker, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer

LAST SCENE OF ALL: After the funeral service in Westminster Abbey and the cremation at Golders Green, Mr. MacDonald's ashes were taken by his family to Lossiemouth, the beloved Scottish home of the former Premier. A short service was held at his residence, the Hillocks, and a procession was then formed. Pipe-Major Robert Reid, 7th H.L.I. Glasgow, walking through the town in front of the hearse and playing the famous lament, "The Flowers of the Forest." Following close behind were Mr. Alastair MacDonald and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald (Dominions Secretary), sons of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, together with a number of other mourners. The ashes were taken to Spynie churchyard and laid to rest in the family grave beside those of the late Mrs. MacDonald, who died a few years before the war



THE CLOSE OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION: The great display, which started under such a cloud and achieved such a pronounced success from the propaganda and entertainment point of view, came to an end on November 26 and was visited on the last day by President Lebrun and countless members of the public, some of whom are seen above flocking across the Pont de Jena in the very heart of the grounds. *On the right* is one of the totalisator boards showing the number of paid entries. Statistics of every kind have already been drawn up comparing the present show with its predecessors, but it is too early to bring out a balance sheet. During the six months over 31,000,000 paid and 6,000,000 free visits were made. The most human of these figures is that of the lost children found—580. The popularity of the Exhibition showed no signs of waning at the end, and the question in every one's mind in Paris is whether it will re-open next year. Decisions favourable to such a course have been taken by the competent bodies, but the final decision remains with Parliament. The Government, who will introduce a Bill shortly, can probably count on the support of the Chamber of Deputies for a prolongation, but there is a prospect of strong opposition in the Senate. There can be little doubt that the British Government's decision not to re-open the British Pavilion next year has strengthened the case against a continuance

ESSEX ELMS

And Other Scenes From the Countryside

D. Went

AUTUMN GLORY: This ancient avenue of elms, lining the road near Potter's Street, Essex, is a truly wonderful sight just now with its many-tinted foliage

BRONZE AGE FINDS IN SOUTH WALES: Mr. W. F. Grimes, who is working on behalf of a Cardiff society, inspecting a portion of a wall he has brought to light on Breach Farm, near Cowbridge, Glamorgan, and which is believed to date from round about 1500 B.C. Many objects of value have been picked up on the site including flint arrowheads, bones, and pottery

THE PRESERVATION OF KENILWORTH CASTLE: The Norman keep is the first part of the stronghold to which the Office of Works is turning its attention as a result of the presentation of the place to the nation earlier this year. The repairing and consolidation of the masonry is all being paid for by a private donor

On right—THE NEW CRAIGHALL BRIDGE: The concrete structure now spanning the river about a mile from Blairgowrie, Perthshire, taking the place of the stone bridge, remains of which can be seen in the background

Said MR PEEK to MR FREAN

'Behold what Christmas boxes mean!'

Said MR FREAN to MR PEEK

'They'll take the biscuit Christmas week!'

The picture shows you just three of the 'P.F.' range — 56 tins altogether to choose from, prices from 1/- to 8/-. Reading from left to right you have here the SPORTSMAN ENAMELLED CASKET of cocktail biscuits (2/6), the KINGFISHER ENAMELLED TIN of assorted chocolate biscuits (2/6), and, open, the SIR FRANCIS DRAKE TIN of assorted fancy biscuits (1/6).

Go to your grocer's *now* to take your pick.

Peek Frean's
BISCUITS
Good!

SIR JOHN COKE: THE LAST OF THE ELIZABETHANS

Dorothea Coke Writes the Story of One of Her Husband's Ancestors, a Man Who Fought Vainly to Stem the Tide of Corruption: Hugh Ruttledge Describes the Attempt on Everest in "The Unfinished Adventure"

Reviewed by VERNON FANE

IN Elizabeth's reign Sir John Coke was deputy-treasurer to her navy, and learned under Sir John Hawkins the principles of courage, hard work, organisation, and integrity which made that navy great. Under Charles I he was still pursuing those principles and trying, vainly, as Secretary of State, to stem the tide of abuses and corruption which was ruining the country and undermining Charles' power. He died at the age of eighty-one, and with him died a great tradition.

In **THE LAST ELIZABETHAN** (John Murray. 15s.) Mrs. Dorothea Coke has written the fine story of this member of her husband's family, whose ambition was "to obtain that which he had always courted, namely, great and continuous businesses and little leisure to attend unnecessary matters."

Sir John's private life was one of great happiness, as his touching correspondence with his wife shows, but in his public appointments he was not so fortunate. Though his efficiency was great and his conduct unimpeachable, he relied for positions on the favour of his friends at Court, as did everyone in that age, and had no certainty of succeeding on his merits alone.

While Buckingham lived he proved a good friend, but after his death, when Coke was ageing, the struggle for an adequately paid appointment or for some kind of recompense for his untiring work began again. Most of his revenue throughout his life came from his farming, which was ably directed by his wife.

He died finally in a very changed world during the Civil War in 1644 and his epitaph is best expressed in an earlier letter from his old friend, Fulke Greville—"Farewell, honest and honourable secretary."

This book is a picture, and a very dignified and able one, of a period of great readjustment in England's fortunes, a circumstance which the publishers claim give the book a topical sense but which conveyed to me rather an often-repeated act in the drama that is history.

The quiet pen of Miss E. H. Young is responsible for one of this week's most satisfactory novels. There are familiar aspects to **CELIA** (Jonathan Cape. 8s. 6d.), in the provincial riverside town which is the background for the story, in the unremarkable and yet interesting characters, and in the sober humour with which their story is sometimes enlivened. These have been characteristics of all Miss Young's novels, and it is comforting to find them constant.

Although three families and their small activities provide the movement and, to a certain extent, the life of the book, none of them has any importance except in so far as he is seen and judged, and commended or dismissed by the placid un-gentle Celia. Celia herself is one of those disconcerting people whose physical calm, which almost seems sleepiness at times, deludes the unwary into underestimating the alertness of their mind. It is an essentially feminine mind, prejudiced, instinctive, quick, sentimental, cruel, illogical, and responsive. Celia dramatises herself a little, that is one of her few luxuries, but generally she realises this and is able to control the two worlds of her mind and her circumstances.

It is only when both Celia and Miss Young fall into the error of confusing these worlds that the novel loses its charm, which lies in its subtle understanding and estimation of human contact and relationships. In a way it is a story of loyalties, though they happen to be those minor loyalties which are none the less rare for being taken for granted.

There is never a hint of tedium in this slow-paced infinitely personal book. On the contrary it is touched with the same persuasive feeling of the importance of small affairs as a Mrs. Gaskell or a Trollope.

A very different affair is **THE BELLS OF RYE** (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.) and for this one should be grateful on the score that variety is the spice of life and so on. Actually, this novel of Mr. Philip Lindsay's is not comparable in any way with the other, certainly not in subject, since it is a brawny love story of the fourteenth century, and as certainly not in style which in this author's case is vigorous, insistent, and colourful. If it is not colourful, in fact, it is nothing.

All of which makes for a pleasant diversity in one's reading, and very little else. Mr. Lindsay's novel is not written, I think I am safe in saying, with the object of provoking thought, but excitement. When the action flags, so does the interest, though luckily this happens rarely enough, and a motley company of sailors, merchants, beautiful women, brutes, and gossips, troops across the minutely described stage of Old Rye and Old Winchelsea.

There are even moments, I know I have mentioned this before in discussing another of Mr. Lindsay's novels, when the recurrence of odd-sounding terms for what were probably as odd-sounding objects tends to become irritating. While nobody denies the author's very evident knowledge of his period, the references to fitchets and ceils and hautpas and cote-hardies although interesting in a book on medieval *mœurs*, seem forced and over exact in a rip-snorting novel of this kind.

The plot itself is anything but banal and is concerned with a heroine of endearingly human frailties. As a climax, the sacking of Rye by the French in 1376 is a grand piece of *bravura* writing.

The 1936 expedition to Everest has been called a failure, since it did in fact fail to reach a higher point on the mountain than its predecessors, and had to combat weather conditions of unimaginable severity.

In cases of this kind, where any achievement is so hardly won and so worthy of our praise, failure is a very relative term. The exploits of this recent expedition are perhaps more remarkable to read than any before them, and add a great deal to the sum of technical knowledge that exists about these still unconquered heights.

EVEREST: THE UNFINISHED ADVENTURE (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.) is the account of the leader, Mr. Hugh Ruttledge himself who, although he is very far from admitting it, proved brilliantly successful as a leader. He writes simply, in straightforward, unheroic words of the preparations, the first stages of the journey through Tibet, and the attempt itself. In increasingly bad weather try after try was made by Smythe, Shipton, and Wyn Harris.

Finally an avalanche, which Mr. Ruttledge refers to guardedly as "decisive," put an end to the expedition. No lives were lost but it was obviously too late in the year for a further attempt. The party made its way back to the base camp.

At the end of the book is a portfolio of really magnificent photographs, one of them the last taken before the expedition turned home, showing sufficient explanation in itself of why no man has ever reached that towering summit.

One of the most familiar things, and one of the most difficult to spare in a copy of *Punch*, still the funniest of British institutions, is a drawing of horses or hounds or huntsmen by Mr. G. D. Armour. They have been for many years a traditional part of its humour and are none the less witty for being in the main quite excellent sketches.

With **BRIDLE AND BRUSH** (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.) Mr. Armour has written his reminiscences, his memories of Spain, of New York, of the London of Phil May's time, and has illustrated them partly by his own work and partly from the paintings of Greiffenhagen and other distinguished artists.

Mr. Armour's personal recollections are nothing if not candid. "In 1890," he writes, "I sent a picture to the Royal Academy in London, and by some miscarriage of justice got it hung on the line." That event coincided with his first experience of foxhunting, though since then Mr. Armour has hunted with scores of packs, known pig-sticking in India, and stalked in Scotland.

His book is written in a friendly, communicative style, which seems to impart an atmosphere of sportsmanship and it is immensely readable even to those whose opinion of horses can be summed up in the rueful phrase that "they have such hard feet."

HUMAN TOUCH: These are the signatures of John Masefield and Edward Seago on copy No. 50 of the limited edition of their new book *The Country Scene*, which has just been published by Collins. This particular volume will be especially valuable as the Poet Laureate has added beneath his autograph the words "Rest and Be Thankful Copy" and the artist a little thumb-nail of two farm horses, and this being so the publishers are in rather a quandary regarding to whom it should be supplied. It might be auctioned for charity

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In addition to the books reviewed above, the Editor also draws the attention of readers to the following new publications:—

King Charles and the Conspirators, by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. *(Martin Secker and Warburg. 18s.)*: In this full length study of the martyr monarch the author gives us a portrait of a very human, noble, and lovable man, who, in spite of undeniable weaknesses, had many qualities that history has left unregarded.

It's Fun to be Fooled, by Horace Goldin. *(Stanley Paul and Co. 18s.)*: A world-renowned magician here recounts experiences of his remarkable life. He has made stage history with some of his astonishing inventions and has possibly mystified more persons of note than any other illusionist past or present.

Hunting by Ear, by Michael Berry and D. W. E. Brock. *(Witherby. 21s.)*: This novel publication consists of a book and two 10-in. gramophone records which, read and played in conjunction explain in remarkable fashion the language of the hunting field. The sound of the horn, the cry of the hounds, and the voice of the huntsman, are not only glorious to listen to, it is explained, but have subtleties that it is difficult for the tyro to appreciate unless he has a mentor eager to be of assistance.

Wine Dark Seas, by Eric Wharton. *(Williams and Norgate. 12s. 6d.)*: The story of the trials, tribulations, and pleasures of a cruise among the isles of Greece.

Exploring with Byrd, by Rear-Admiral Richard Byrd. *(G. P. Putnam. 10s. 6d.)*: Here perhaps the greatest adventurer of our generation has brought together in one volume some of the highlights of his colourful career.

Europe at the Cross Roads, by Hugh Sellon. *(Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.)*: An account of some of the more important developments that have taken place on the Continent since the war, the object being to give a true picture of how each country stands in relation to the others. "Frontiers are no barrier to the European spirit" the author claims.

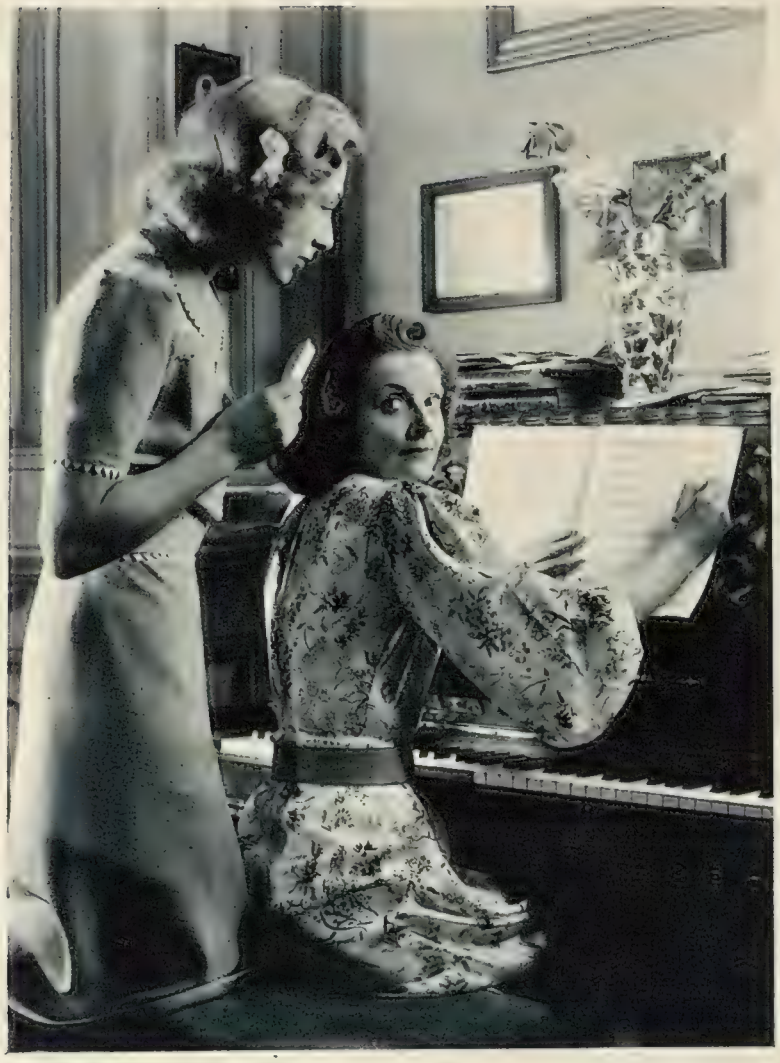
Pope Pius XI and World Peace, by Lord Clonmore. *(Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.)*: An authentic biography of the leader of the Roman Catholic world, outlining his viewpoints on many of the complex problems of the day.

The Gardens of Taprobane, by Count de Mauny *(Williams and Norgate. 15s.)*: The author tells the story of how he has made his home on an island on the south coast of Ceylon and converted the place into a veritable horticultural paradise.

Complete Book of Ballets, by Cyril W. Beaumont *(Putnam. 25s.)*: A collection of the stories of the most famous ballets, a reference work that covers entirely new ground.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—HUTCHINSON.—ENGLAND: The Arbiter. By Herbert W. Moxon. 10s. 6d. INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.—GENTLE EAGLE. By Christine Orr. 8s. 6d. MICHAEL JOSEPH.—100 ENCHANTED TALES. Compiled and with a Foreword by Clemence Dane. 8s. 6d. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—BALLADS OF BRITAIN. Edited by John Goss. 15s. THE BALKANS AND EUROPE. By Doros Alastos. 7s. 6d. COCKROACHES AND DIAMONDS. By John Goss. 7s. 6d. POISON FLOWER. By Mabel Constanduros. 7s. 6d. MACMILLAN.—NOTES THE WAY. By Viscountess Rhondda. 6s. ANIMAL ON TREASURE. By Ivan T. Sanderson. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. THE MAKING OF A SCIENTIST. By Raymond L. Ditmars. Illustrated. 14s. AS OTHERS HEAR US. By E. M. Delafield. 7s. 6d. METHUEN.—TRIVIAL FOND RECORDS. By Sir Laurence Guillemard. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. HAD YOU LIVED IN LONDON THEN. By C. Whitaker-Wilson. Illustrated. By George Morrow. 5s. AS THE BEE SUCKS. Essays by E. V. Lucas chosen and illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard. 7s. 6d. HAND-PICKED HOWLERS. By Cecil Hunt. Illustrated by Blampied. 3s. 6d. HAPPY HAWKERS. By Elizabeth and Ian Macpherson. Illustrated by Mildred Lamb. 6s. THE CAMFORD VISITATION. By H. G. Wells. 2s. SIP! SWALLOW! By A. P. Herbert. 5s.

COMEDY, ALLEGORY AND



THE BICKERING SISTERS: Diana Churchill as the tempestuous Jo, a young lady who is a curious mixture of the simple maiden of the country rectory and the sophisticated modern, and Rene Ray as Sally, Jo's opposite in everything, have some first-rate comedy scenes together in *Yes and No*, the play by Kenneth Horne which first saw the light last August at the Intimate Theatre, Palmers Green, and has now come to the Ambassadors in the West End

"OH, DEAR ME!" The Rev. Richard Jarrow (Felix Aylmer) finds his daughter Jo (Diana Churchill) in the arms of his curate (Robert Eddison). Another scene from *Yes and No* which has as its theme the doings of the inhabitants of a Somerset rectory, and sets out in particular, to show what would have happened if a young lady had said "Yes" to a proposal of marriage, what would have happened if she said "No," and what actually did happen

PACIFISM AND SELF-SACRIFICE provide the theme in St. John Ervine's well conceived play, *Robert's Wife*, at the Globe. *Left*—Miss Orley (Edith Sharpe), a parish worker, tells the Dean's wife (Edith Evans) that she must give up her medical career in her husband's interests. *Right*—The parlourmaid (Jacqueline Clarke) is introduced to the Bishop (David Horne) who is going to confirm her that evening. Co-starring with Miss Evans in this production is Owen Nares

"PEOPLE AT SEA"—PRIESTLEY'S LATEST PLAY: author deals with the experiences of a group of (left) plays the part of a mildly wise and amusing once glamorous actress who has become a drug novelist, is a continuous entertainment, and

By PHILIP PAGE

THE great classics in music are given as fair chance in this country as in any country in the world, but there is one handicap they have to endure. The moment a conductor has to win his spurs or, being of riper years, to acquire a fresh pair, he submits a familiar symphony to what is known as "a new reading." That is to say, he searches about for some passage that is invariably played slowly and takes it very quickly, and vice versa. Usually he gets away with it.

The stage classics escaped this danger until the advent of the Producer (with the biggest possible "P"). Now Mr. Tyrone Guthrie is a Producer and an extremely good one too—so good, in fact, is the work he has done in the past that he may be forgiven the several lapses in his production of *The School for Scandal* at the Queen's, lapses which I, for one, could hardly avoid regarding as *chi-chi* of an irritatingly precious brand.

He has chosen to regard, in the first place, Sheridan's comedy as a museum piece and to serve it up as such with a row of the footlights of the period. This is but one step removed from dressing the programme girls in eighteenth-century costumes and putting a rank of sedan-chairs outside in Shaftesbury Avenue. But at least it does no harm. The matter is more serious when it comes to "stylising" what was never an artificial comedy at all but one as realistic and as representative of its age as those of the Bancroft cup-and-saucer school years later, and of Mr. Frederick Lonsdale and Mr. Noel Coward to-day. Mr. Guthrie's plan is to treat his Sheridan as if it were a mixture of masque and ballet. The thing is full of nods and becks and wreathèd smiles and trippings and pirouettings, with a sort of musical-comedy finale. Grace, dignity, charm, have been sacrificed to a speeding-up process which I heard a sibilant youth describe as "simply gorgeous fun." It may have been gorgeous and it may have been funny; but it was not simple and it was certainly not Sheridan.

The admirable cast varied in proportion to the extent to which they had dodged, whether by accident or design, this "new reading." Mr. John Gielgud has been described as "modestly resigning himself to the secondary part of Joseph." I do not doubt Mr. Gielgud's modesty, but it is a better part than Charles, and he is too young for Sir Peter (given a beautiful performance, which was so rightly not an exhibition of doddering senility, by Mr. Leon Quartermaine).

Miss Peggy Ashcroft's Lady Teazle had charm in plenty, but was never for a moment Sheridan's Lady Teazle. Miss Athene Seyler was born to play Mrs. Candour to perfection in—or at—any age. Mr. Frederick Lloyd's Sir Oliver was rich and ripe, and of the right vintage; such admirable port was refreshing tipple in that rather Fruit Sundae-ish atmosphere.

"Macbeth."—

Many tributes have been gracefully and deservedly paid to the late Dame Lilian Baylis: as a friend of five-and-twenty years standing I must add yet another, though necessarily a tardy one.

Bernard Shaw, in his Preface to *Saint Joan*, described Joan as "a born boss." The description fits exactly the champion of different but no less noble ideals in the New Cut instead of Old France. Lilian Baylis was a bundle of contradictions. She would set about some actor or actress, playing in her theatre for a fraction of a normal salary, like a schoolmistress, and in the tones of an infuriated cook (for last week's assertions that "she sometimes chose to affect a plebeian accent" are all tommy-rot—she had one, and that's that. Besides, there was no sort of affectation in her). Yet she made extraordinarily few enemies and most of those she did make soon became her friends again.

She was blunt to a fault and knew not the meaning of the word diplomacy. Yet I never knew anyone with such a knack of getting people to do things for her and getting the right people to do them and to do them well; the triumphant success of the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells as they are to-day is ample testimony of this.

She knew a little—not, perhaps, very much—about music; of the technical side of stage production and all that goes with it next to nothing. Nobody was ever less of a high-brow and she never pretended to be one; I would go so far as to say that she had less than the average knowledge of the history of the stage, of the details of *decor*, and of all the rather mysterious paraphernalia of ballet. Yet under her regime, Old Vic Shakespearian and other even more difficult adventures have become the talk of the cultured world, and British ballet at Sadler's Wells is not so far behind Russian Ballet at Covent Garden; indeed quite a number of quite intelligent people prefer it.

Her extremely businesslike qualities made her at times cheeseparing to the point of meanness—an attitude probably forced on her by the lack of funds at her disposal. Yet I could tell of many cases of private generosity, of personal cheques to the deserving out of a store that cannot have been extensive. A subtle witticism

SATIRE ON THE STAGE

"Yes and No," "People at Sea," and "The School for Scandal"

would pass her by; but she had a quick and ready repartee. There were few women less conceited; yet her vanity over the academic robes which her honorary degrees allowed her to wear (and she wore them on every possible occasion) was almost childish.

The best tribute to her hard work, her pluck, and her singleness of purpose is the condition of the Vic-Wells organisation as it is to-day. Whatever the future holds in store for that organisation, it is certain that it will be impossible adequately to replace the odd, cheery, arrogant but far from unlovable figure of Lilian Baylis.

Last week's production of *Macbeth* was not the Old Vic's greatest effort but was not by any means one likely in the smallest degree to mar the passing of the woman to honour whom the first night audience stood for awhile in silence.

M. Michel St. Denis, who has produced it, shows great, if occasionally misguided, intelligence. Where precisely the misguidance occurs is a matter of individual opinion; I would vote, primarily, for some strangely unnatural, undignified, and even unrealistic fighting.

"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" FOLLOWS "RICHARD II" AT THE QUEEN'S: Joseph Surface (John Gielgud), Sir Peter Teazle (Leon Quartermaine), and Lady Teazle (Peggy Ashcroft), in one of the big moments of Sheridan's satire which has been chosen as the second play in John Gielgud's season

ELIZABETH HADDON, an eighteen-year-old beauty-contest winner, who has just been signed up for the ice show at the Mogador Theatre, Paris

CLASSIC SATIRE: Crabtree (G. Howe), Mrs. Candour (Athene Seyler), Sir Oliver (F. Lloyd), and Sir Benjamin (Glen Byam Shaw) in *The School for Scandal*

In this one of the three shows he now has running the people left in a derelict liner after a fire. Edward Chapman Professor, and Jean Muir (second from left) that of the addict. Martin Walker (foreground) as the drink-besotted there are a number of other good character studies

It is possibly a curious sidelight on certain aspects of the modern British stage that whenever Mr. Lawrence Olivier plays a Shakespearian part there are testimonies in far-flung chorus to his virility. Of course the Macbeth of Mr. Olivier is virile, for we know this fine young actor and his methods. But cannot the virility of any Macbeth, that Scottish he-man, be taken for granted? Alas, in 1937 it cannot.

Mr. Olivier I would put among the great Macbeths, for his virility of tone is not just a question of booming out masculinity by means of the vocal chords God has given him; he shows us as well the beauty of the language, the tensity of the drama and an intelligent conception of the part, with no "frills".

Lady Macbeth in the person of Miss Judith Anderson, was in the scene of the crime in a smilingly hysterical condition. A novelty this, and possibly a quaint one. Not, however, an unreasonable one. To the profound and original observation that women are strange creatures I will add another—that there is nothing impossible, or even improbable, in a woman smiling in maudlin fashion when in murderous mood. Miss Anderson was always interesting, and what is also important, always audible. Mr. Ellis Irving's Macduff was of the right quality, and Mr. John Ray's Porter the best I have seen.

"Robert's Wife."—Mr. St. John Ervine can write good plays, and he can write popular plays, though I do not suggest that he deliberately starts his operations with one of those two ends in view. Some of his good plays have not proved popular, and some of his popular plays have not, perhaps, been so very good.

To *Robert's Wife* at the Globe Theatre I, without hesitation, apply both labels. It is a good play, because it is about real people and real ideas, and is perfectly constructed and written. It will, I think, be a popular play because it has life, and movement, and humour. Moreover, it deals with self-sacrifice, which is always a popular virtue, provided one does not have to exercise it oneself.

A good-looking, intelligent, sympathetic, and widely-liked parson—the sort of parson who can be, and here is, immaculately played by Mr. Owen Nares—is well in the running for a certain deanery, with possibly a bishopric in the not-too-far-distant future. He is worshipped locally with the same fervour that fell to Mr. Morrell of Shaw's *Candida*, but is wiser and less smug than Morrell. He has a charming, understanding wife, who is not content to be merely a wife but has public activities of her own. But that deanery somehow does not come along. What is the snag? Not his young son, who at Oxford has mixed himself up with some bright young hammer-and-sickelites and is sent to quod for illegal pacifist meddling. The snag is his very nice wife, for her chief public activity is running a birth-control clinic, which of course among deans' wives is one of those things which simply aren't done, you know. So Mrs. Parson sacrifices her public career to that of her husband. To be more correct she is bought off, for a wealthy parishioner will put £5,000 in the clinic on condition that she comes out of it.

This may make Mrs. Parson, brilliantly played by Miss Edith Evans, a little less heroic, but it does not make the play any less interesting.

The afore-mentioned humour is supplied by that consummately clever portrayer of out-of-the-ordinary characters—Mr. David Horne. Mr. Horne made a splendacious bishop exquisitely funny without using conventional and hackneyed methods of episcopal burlesque. Mr. David Markham, as a representative of young Oxford at its reddest and silliest, and Miss Margaret Moffat, Miss Margaret Scudamore, and Miss Edith Sharpe, as fiercely contrasted parishioners, add their vital help to this interesting play.

"People at Sea."—A derelict ship is, according to Mr. Priestley, yet another of those things which beget the philosophic mind. It should largely depend, of course, on to what extent the ship is in danger. Mr. Priestley's *Bees on the Boat Deck* contained much political and philosophical discussion; but the ship in this case had been laid up in an estuary for months and was as safe as the Apollo Theatre, where his *People at Sea* has just been produced. The Apollo ship, so far from being as safe as a theatre, is drifting about somewhere near the Gulf of Mexico after a disaster, is out of control, and may go to pieces to-morrow or even to-night. Only a tiny handful of passengers and crew is left, the remainder having been rescued or taken to the boats.

That remainder talk and argue at length on subjects deeper than the sea itself. Now I do not think a small group of people, face to face with eternity, do that; they may bicker but they do not stage revolutions in little. Possibly in this case they had a feeling that they would be rescued, as in fact they were.

—(Continued on page 428)

GAY AND AIRY SCREEN COMEDY: Mara Losseff in Jack Buchanan's latest picture *The Sky's the Limit* which recently had its premiere at the Leicester Square Theatre

WINTER OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN: Lisa Perli sang the role of Mimi in *La Bohème* when it was presented at the Royal Opera House on Monday last

COMEDY, ALLEGORY, AND SATIRE ON THE STAGE *(Continued from page 427)*

Fortunately it was impossible to be bored by anything they did or said; for although Mr. Priestley likes derelict ships he does not write derelict plays. Strongly do I advise a visit to the Apollo to see what is done and said, and how it is done and said, by Miss Jean Muir (as a faded film-star), by Miss Vivienne Bennett (dangerously peevish maid), by Mr. Edward Chapman (mighty talker), by Mr. Torin Thatcher (stoker), and by Mr. Martin Walker (attractive toper—and by far the best performance of all).

"It's a Wise Child."—Some talk of "the ice-man" early in the course of the farce, *It's a Wise Child*, at the Garrick Theatre proclaimed its American origin. American, too, was that tone of snappiness and wise-cracking. Since all farces should move swiftly, and since this moved with Captain Eyston-like speed over the smoothest of surfaces, much credit is due to Mr. Ronald Simpson who has produced it.

Something appears to have been lost in the transit; or was it that there was not very much to lose? The Abominable Ice-man, it seems, was so abominable that he objected when his fiancée, through no fault of his own, became pregnant. So the heroine, Joyce, takes the tip, and in order to shuffle off the coil of an engagement to a man much older than herself pretends that she, too, is pregnant.

This announcement is a sort of devil among the tailors, or cat among the pigeons to her family, to her fiancé, to ex-fiancés, and to optimistic future fiancés; but she eventually becomes engaged to the family lawyer.

I suppose it was all very funny. Obstetric humour has always seemed to me rather limited in its scope. But the bright and intelligent company—Miss Joan Marion, Miss Ellen Pollock, Mr. Charles Mortimer, and Mr. Edward Harben among them—seemed to appreciate the joke and certainly knew how to exploit it, for there was laughter in plenty.

"The Sky's the Limit."—Mr. Jack Buchanan is in many respects an amazing man. Amazing, in the first place, because he is now to be seen on the screen in the Leicester Square cinema looking as slim and as young and tap dancing as indefatigably as he did twenty years ago on a real stage in Leicester Square, that of the old Alhambra. His technique is as neat and his charm as compelling. His new film, *The Sky's the Limit*, is a cheerfully shallow business about an aviator, but it has been built according to a sound and familiar plan (Mr. Douglas Furber is one of the builders) and he has gathered round him such agreeable folk as Mr. H. F. Maltby (who could become a British Robert Benchley), Mr. David Hutcheson, Miss Athene Seyler, and Mr. William Kendall. Again must I deplore the waste of the brilliant Miss Sara Allgood.

Mr. Buchanan has this time gone abroad for his leading lady, Miss Mara Losseff, who in more than one sense is manifestly not at home in this production. Possibly nervousness and strange surroundings caused her to conceal any possible talent behind a smoke-screen of artificiality. She can sing quite nicely.

JOAN BENNETT AND WARNER BAXTER in *Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938*. *On left*—Phyllis Stanley and Robert Adair in the play, *Oh You Letty*, featuring Sydney Howard, which is now running up in Manchester

ROUND *the* CINEMAS

Some Films of the Moment

DEANNA DURBIN, who made something of a sensation by her girlish singing in *Three Smart Girls*, will be playing the leading part in *100 Men and a Girl*, which is coming to the Leicester Square Theatre. The opening night on December 7 will be a charity premiere in aid of the Combined Voluntary Hospitals of London. The Duke of Kent has promised to attend. Leopold Stokowski and his symphony orchestra play a real part in this musical picture in which while good music is played by excellent performers, they are an integral part of an entertaining comedy. Deanna as the heroine, Patsy, smuggles a band of out-of-work musicians into the house of the great conductor, Stokowski, who is so struck by their excellence that he is led into conducting them himself. Adolphe Menjou (who has held his own in Hollywood so long) and Mischa Auer are associated with Deanna, who though grown somewhat since her last picture, is still delightfully spontaneous in her acting.

Fifty-second Street now playing at the London Pavilion, tells the story of the fall from aristocratic distinction of a famous street, which has dropped to night clubs and speakeasies. Ian Hunter has a congenial part as the rich man, Rufus Rondell, the kindly father of a daughter (Pat Paterson) who is keen to become a great singer. The same ambition is shared by Benny, the son of Fiorello, a great chef, and a consequent romance follows—Leo Carillo, as Fiorello, has great opportunities for comedy, and Marla Shelton, as a cabaret singer. Zazu Pitts, of the expressive hands, and Sid Silvers add to the general entertainment.

Italy has not been showing films in London for a long time, but has now returned with a particularly fine picture illustrating the life of the Italian camel corps on the arid deserts of Libya. *Lo Squadrone Bianco* (The White Squadron) has arrived here (at the Academy) heralded by its success in Italy where it won the Mussolini Cup at the Venice International Film Exhibition, and after its eight months run in Paris, where it obtained high praise from the critics.

The desert drama is a frankly patriotic film showing the pride of Italy in her colonial army and the splendid courage of her soldiers. A revolt of tribesmen leads to a fine exhibition of the mastery of discipline over the horrors of thirst, fever, and exhaustion, with Fosco Giachetti playing the part of the commanding officer. The hero, Antonio Centa, is a young man, who has joined the corps after a disappointment in love, becoming through the severe ordeal of desert service a most loyal and devoted soldier. All lovers of desert scenery will rejoice in the excellent photography of sandstorms, the great sweep of the sky, the riding of the camels over the immensity of the sand. The English public can follow this story by means of the sub-titles, thereby missing no doubt some of the propaganda.

More films are to be expected from Italy now that Mr. Hal Roach has made an agreement to produce operas to be made in Italy, with Vittorio Mussolini, the Duce's son, as his partner—*Riggolette*, *Aïda*, *Traviata*, and *Tosca*, are said to be the first four operas chosen for production.

A good melodrama at the New Gallery is *Non-Stop New York*, which is said to be the last feature picture to be made at Shepherds Bush. The picture itself shows no sign of failure, but is a first-class production by Mr. Robert Stevenson, with a story full of comedy and excitement and all set in a luxury transatlantic air liner. Miss Anna Lee, Mr. Stevenson's wife, is a young cockney chorus girl who has, by chance, become the possessor of a clue to a murder. Francis Sullivan plays the part of the elegant crook.

B. H.

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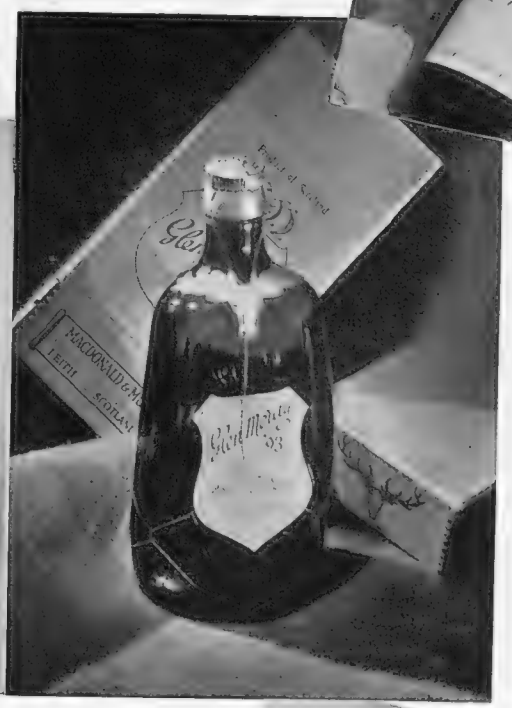

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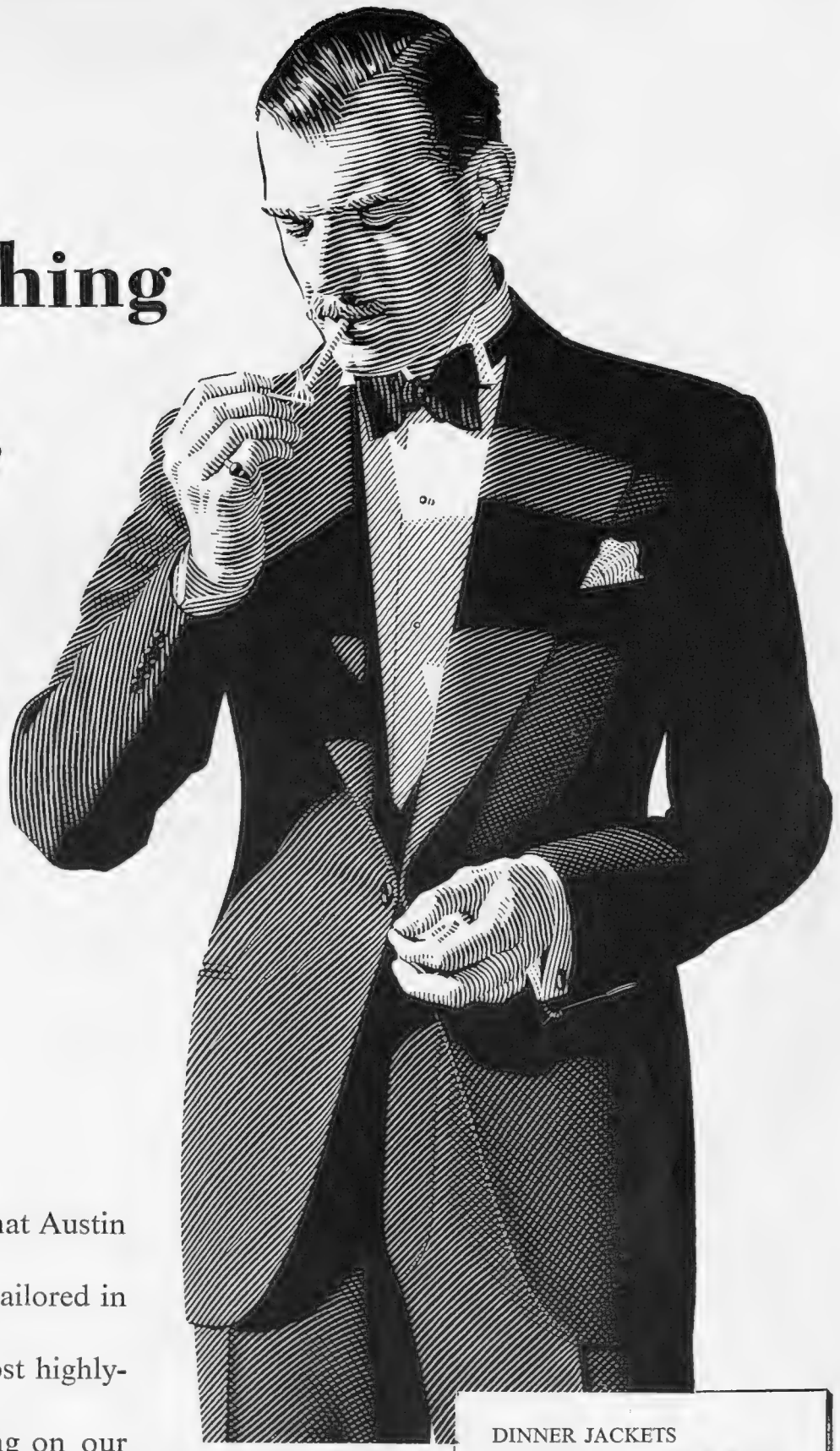

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THE IRON KAISER—(Continued from page 410)

The ex-Kaiser seldom uses the ordinary gate, but prefers to come and go through a gate which he himself had built; it is a gate of wrought iron. On the top of the gate is a huge W surmounted with the Imperial Crown.

Were the Kaiser ever to forget the world war, there are two names in the neighbourhood which can always remind him of unfortunate and unforgettable things. There is a wood not very far away and the name of this wood is Bosch. One of the villages quite close to Doorn is called Maarn.

While the ex-Kaiser is chopping wood or gardening, his second wife, the Princess Hermina, is looking after the household or paying visits to the village and purchasing—photograph frames. There is only one good shop in the village, and this shop supplies the Princess with hundreds and hundreds of photograph frames. Everybody who sends birthday or New Year greetings to Doorn House receives a signed photograph of the Princess in a frame. Although the official title of the Kaiser's second wife is Princess, she herself is always called Kaiserin, and insists on being addressed as: Majesty. When there is nobody staying in the house, either a guest or a member of his family, the ex-Kaiser takes his Adjutant, Hauptmann von Illsemann, on wood-chopping expeditions. At 11.30 a.m. wood-chopping is over for the day, and the ex-Kaiser then goes and changes his clothes.

He buys his clothes at the village tailors, but he has his boots made at his old boot-makers in Berlin. Then the Kaiser consults his instruments and registers the weather for the day. At 1 p.m. lunch is served; it consists of a cup of soup, a joint, potatoes, and cakes. Directly after lunch, the ex-Kaiser goes to his bedroom and sleeps until 3 p.m. Nothing is allowed to interfere with his afternoon rest.

In the house 3.30 p.m. is known as the *Kaiser Stunde*, (the Kaiser's hour). If there are any visitors from Germany, this is the time when the Kaiser receives them in semi-state. When there are no visitors from Germany, there are sometimes important Dutch neighbours.

At 7.0 p.m. dinner is served; there is soup, one dish, a vegetable, and dessert. The Kaiserin has had her five children staying with her from time to time, but their step-father does not appear to be very fond of them, so they say in the village, and they have their meals in the Orangery. After dinner the ex-Kaiser entertains those who happen to be present with conversation, and at 11 p.m. sharp he goes to bed.

One day I met the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm walking in the woods near Doorn House. There had been a heavy fall of snow during the night, and his ex-Majesty appeared suddenly, like a flickering cinema picture, with a background of bare, black trees. His footsteps crunched the frozen snow on the forest path. We came face to face. He wore a dark grey overcoat with an astrakhan collar, and on his head was a fur cap such as one sees in Russia. He looked very fit and far younger than his years.

A few minutes after meeting the Kaiser I met the Kaiserin Hermina. She was much better dressed and more youthful looking than she was formerly. The Kaiserin was dressed smartly in a grey lamb's wool coat with a wide collar and cuffs of grey fox. She wore a black hat with a broad brim, grey silk stockings, and grey suede shoes. She carried an ebony cane with a silver crooked handle. The Kaiserin was all smiles and looked extremely happy.

I was present at Doorn on the occasion of the ex-Kaiser's seventieth birthday. Great efforts were made

"ISAAC SMITH, THE FIRST MAN TO LAND IN AUSTRALIA": This is the inscription to be found inside this gold box ornamented with pearls which was among the many precious objects from the Castle of Nijenrode offered for sale in Amsterdam last week. Smith's portrait is on the lid. He was an associate of Captain Cook

to try and please him. The ex-Crown Prince came from Berlin to see his father and to wish him many happy returns. An official communiqué was issued, just like the old days in Potsdam. The communiqué referred to the Kaiser as "His Majesty the Kaiser." But I wonder whether the Kaiser was really pleased? There were all kinds of aged Generals weighed down with medals pinned on shabby uniforms. They filed past the Kaiser in the morning, shook hands with him, and wished him many happy returns.

The Kaiser's favourite pose is that of the Silent Man of Doorn, and it is a fact, and undisputed fact, that never once since he abdicated and stepped over the German frontier into Holland, has he in any way made any attempt to return or to interfere in the internal affairs of his country.

And now that brings me to the question of punishment. As I watched him, with long striding steps walking through the woods, I thought of another birthday during my student days in Hanover. Guns thundered; the wonderfully striking figure in white and gold strode by with the roar of his people in his ears. To-day there is not a sound.

HOLLAND LOOKS TO HER FRONTIER—II

(Continued from page 406)

possible for Holland, at a given moment, to mobilise 400,000 fully-trained men; and, what is more, to equip them with the most modern weapons and to provide them with adequate artillery and air support.

The ordinary defence budget has been increased this year by 25,500,000 florins, and capital expenditure on defence by 41,000,000 florins. This represents a very large proportion of the total budget, and is all the more noteworthy in view of the fact that the national accounts continue to close each year with a deficit.

It is the intention of the Government to spend, over a period of four years, 157,500,000 florins on the extension of the country's defence measures, and of this amount, 41,500,000 florins will be given out in 1938.

Compared with the astronomical figures of British defence expenditure these sums may appear rather trivial. But they are far from that. They represent a tremendous effort on the part of the national exchequer; and, as far as I can see, the expenditure, if wisely distributed, should help very considerably toward putting the Dutch defences in such a condition that any attempted invasion, however formidable the might behind it, would be held up long enough for Holland's friends to come to her aid.

Meanwhile, apart from the widespread construction of "casemates," the laying of mines at important points along strategical lines of communication, and the reorganisation of the army, its training and equipment, important measures have been taken to bring the Dutch air arm thoroughly up to date. Here, I believe, the Dutch will develop a defence arm of the highest technical efficiency; as a race, they are taking to the air with the same spirit as their forefathers took to the sea.

Simultaneously, the population is being instructed in air defence measures; and the capacity of the great towns to withstand air attack is being tested as thoroughly as conditions permit. On the whole, I do not think anyone will want to say again: "Die Holländer verkriechen sich in ihre Linien."

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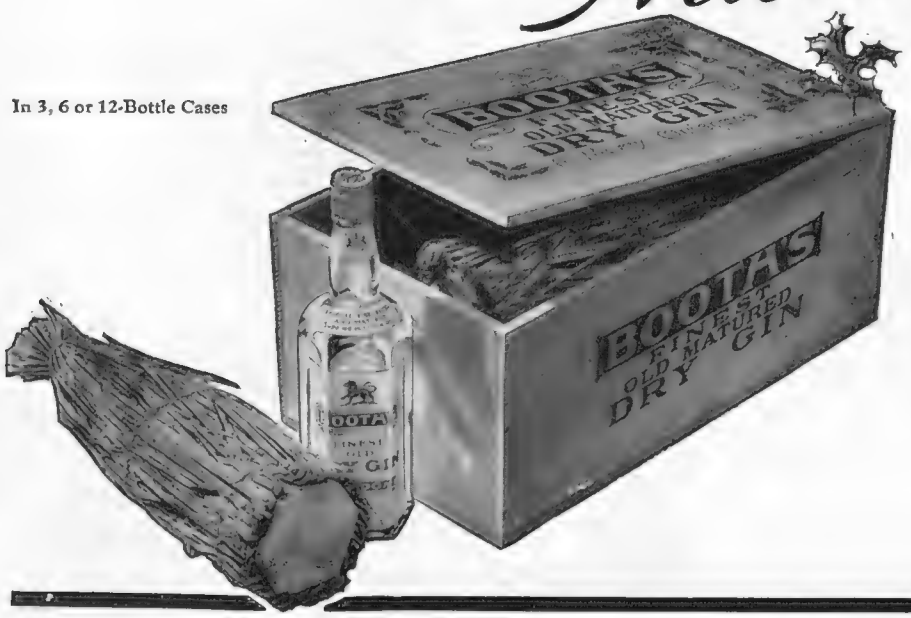

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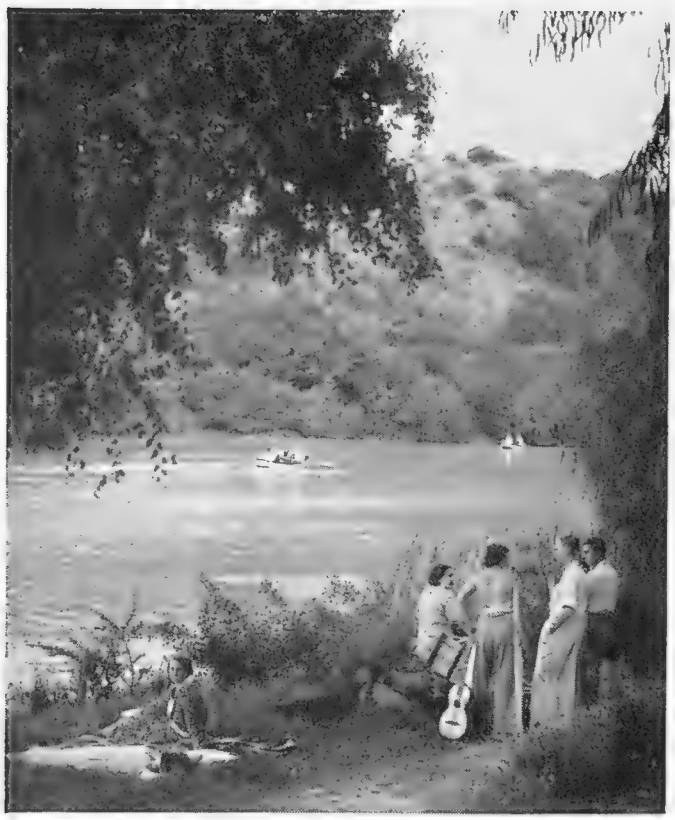

Scene at an inland resort. The Modder River near Bloemfontein

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FUNCHAL ON A DECEMBER MORNING: Looking through the tropical foliage of the gardens at Reid's Hotel down on to the lovely bay with a cruise ship at anchor in the distance. Madeira is particularly pleasant at this time of the year

ALMATIA'S ROCKY FIR-CLAD COAST: The ttle village of Trsteno in the region of Dubrovnik

GOLDEN PRAGUE: One of the floodlit towers of the Charles Bridge in the Czechoslovakian capital

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

NOTES FROM FAR AND NEAR

Funchal Brought Up to Date: Portofino Survives Unspoilt: Touring in French North Africa: Winter in Torquay

MADEIRA.—Of all places within easy reach of England, Madeira can boast probably the guaranteed maximum of warmth and sunlight. With a temperature which varies by but 12 deg. to 15 deg. all the year round, the island is a marvellous place for the lovers of gardens (hibiscus flowers fixed on a prickly pear leaf make wonderful decoration for a dinner table), and you can rely on comfort at your hotel, excellent bathing, and golf. Besides these immediate amenities, the country inland provides some magnificent scenery for walks and excursions by motor car. This year, I am told, there have been some notable additions to the amenities of Funchal; a plain surface has replaced most of the cobbles in the streets; great efforts have been made to enhance the appearance of the town by many flower-beds; there are a new casino and a new golf course. Of the latter, the casino is bound to be popular, and there is a very full programme this winter. The position of the golf course is particularly fine with glorious views of mountains ranging from 2,000 ft. to 6,000 ft. So that it will be seen that the island provides every convenience for the modern lotus-eater. Madeira can be reached in a liner of 25,000 tons in less than three days. Those desiring full information should apply to the Madeira Travel Bureau, 18, Lower Regent Street, S.W.1.

The Italian Riviera.—There are a hundred towns and villages of varying size and attraction along the shore of the great bay which is the Italian Riviera. Bordighera, Alassio, and Rapallo are all ideal places to visit in winter, and Ventimiglia and San Remo have their many "regulars" who arrive from England as if by clockwork. Genoa, once the seat of the republic which vied with Venice for the supremacy of the Mediterranean, is an exceedingly interesting town; and here you may still see the palaces of the merchant princes whose fleets brought silks and spices from the Indies in the Middle Ages. Nowadays Genoa is as ever one of the most important harbours in Italy.

This warm coast is made the more attractive by the contrast with the mountains which are nearly always in view and there are endless pleasant drives up into the hills where you will still meet processions of pack-mules led by a donkey, a reminder of a general method of transport in England before Mr. MacAdam's time. Of all the beautiful places on this coast I have never found anything to beat Portofino. Justly famous the little fishing village has remained almost entirely unspoilt. Long may it remain a *cul de sac*, for it is difficult to roar through a village which has no road leading out of it once you have reached the little piazza by the sea.

Algeria, Tunisia, and Morocco.—Relics of the long Roman occupation of North Africa, of the domination of the Arabs who were a continual menace to shipping in the Mediterranean even beyond the days of Admiral Blake, and present evidences of French progress make a fascinating mixture in Tunis and Algiers. Algiers itself is a typical Mediterranean port with a flourishing Old Town much frequented by artists in search of the picturesque. Inland, driving over excellent roads, you will pass through lovely scenery, villages perched on hill-tops among groves of fig-trees and green meadows and limestone crags high above blue cedar forests and mountain lakes. Near Biskra you will pass through a part of the real Sahara—not here an endless expanse of sandy undulations with a strong resemblance to the Long Valley at Aldershot such as we see on the films, but a wilderness with gorges flaming with oleander—country with a beauty of its own.

Tunis, with its busy streets, is another fascinating town, and round most of the European houses in this part of the world are some of the loveliest gardens you will find anywhere. These last, rich with the scent of freesias, carnations, and roses, are at their best in winter and early spring. Another delightful region in North Africa is that which surrounds Marrakesh, capital of Southern Morocco. While providing every kind of entertainment in the way of golf, racing, concerts, and field sports in the neighbourhood Marrakesh, in its enormous palm grove at the foot of the Atlas Mountains, is in a wonderful position. It follows that excursions into the mountains are easily arranged.

Torquay.—Talking of other rivieras reminds me that the winter season at Torquay is now in full swing. The place is a very old friend, and the palms, which must be veterans as these trees go, attest to the mildness of the climate of this corner of England. Certainly, if you do not wish to leave this country, there is no pleasanter place in which to spend the winter. Nature has endowed it with magnificent surroundings and the amenities of a full programme of entertainments, concerts, and theatrical performances together with those of the lovely Devonshire country lying behind render Torquay hard to beat in the category of resorts which combine health with pleasure.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following are just two of the many recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of especial interest to prospective travellers generally.

Czechoslovakia.—As you are probably aware, Czechoslovakia is the land of spas, but we enclose particulars of some resorts which we think will answer your requirements in every respect and we call your attention particularly to Petzer in the Giant Mountains. At this time of year the pamphlets all depict winter scenes, but as you may imagine, the places are just as beautiful at other seasons, and if you go in May and June, you will have delightful weather and there will be plenty of flowers. We suggest that you write direct to the Berghotel as the terms vary according to the season, but at the time at which you wish to go minimum prices should be available.

The Krkonose Mountains are very fine; perhaps you would like to stay at Labska Bouda which is uniquely situated and then there is Spitzberg in the Bohemian Forest, a most interesting and picturesque place and not as sophisticated as it looks in the pamphlet. When you feel it is time for more urban amusements then we advise you to go to Prague, a beautiful and interesting town, or to Bratislava. A second class monthly ticket via Harwich–Flushing–Leipzig–Dresden costs £7 18s., and second class sleepers, £1 5s. 10d. each way. This is the cheapest route.

Dalmatia.—Your best plan would be to get the Lloyd Triestino from Alexandria to the Piraeus, as shown in the "Adriatica" Company's pamphlet which we enclose, and then take the train from Athens to Patras, and from there the Jadranska Plovidba line to Susak. This latter would probably prove cheaper than travelling by Lloyd Triestino. As there is a service about three times weekly, you might like to take the steamer from Patras to Dubrovnik, stay there a day or two and then go on to Split for a day, exploring the surrounding country from these centres.

There is no train service along this coast line. Our opinion is that you will see all that is possible by taking the boat from Patras and staying on it, merely visiting the stopping points from the boat. As they carry cargo, the boats usually stop for at least two hours. You will see that the prices for cabins and food are extra. They are small simple boats, but very clean and comfortable, and the food is very good indeed.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

LESLIE HOWARD MAKES HIS RADIO DEBUT: The well-known screen star standing with his script before the microphone at the B.B.C. when playing in the broadcast version of the famous "time play," *Berkeley Square*. He took his original stage-role of Peter Standish. *Below*—Kensington taxi-driver Herbert Hodges (centre), who to-morrow (Sunday) will broadcast from the B.B.C. and be heard through sixty American stations

MARGARET RAWLINGS AND CLIFFORD BAX are the subjects of these two drawings by Oriel Ross (Countess Poulett) which are now on view at the Storran Gallery, 5, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, and are attracting much attention. The drawing on the right is a detail, but both serve to show the artist's technique in which light and delicate lines contrast strikingly with darker tones. The show remains open until Christmas

The DRAWINGS *of* ORIEL ROSS

An Unusual Exhibition of Portraits at the Storran Gallery, Piccadilly

On right—MR. JOHN ARMSTRONG: Another example of the draughtsmanship of Oriel Ross, whose undoubted talent as an artist has in the past been rather overshadowed by her work on the stage

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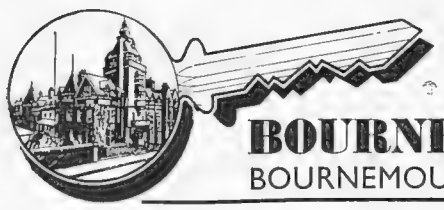

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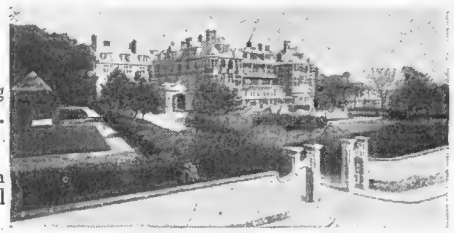

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By

WHO'S for a quiet Christmas? Somewhere where one can be certain that the sound of the bells on Christmas Day and the anticipation of a good Christmas dinner are not spoilt by a radio voice expatiating on the horrors of indigestion. Somewhere on the other hand where one can lead a healthy outdoor life ; golf, hacking, hunting, fishing, or perhaps just somewhere where there is plenty of walking to be had away from the modern perils of the road.

In front of me is a "seeded" list of places where I know I could spend such a Christmas as I have outlined above and where I could be reasonably certain of securing accommodation.

Southwick House by Dumfries. When I was in Galloway last September I was too pressed for time to visit this country house hotel amidst the land of the Galloway "Belties". But good news travels fast in Scotland. I heard much in favour of Southwick House at Stranraer on the east, at Moffat in the west, and even as far as Pitlochry in the north ; and Southwick House is definitely on my next Scottish visiting list. If I wanted to spend Christmas with the certainty of quietude, beauty, and the comfort of a well-equipped country house, I should seriously consider Southwick House, more especially as Galloway has a *wonderfully mild winter climate.* (I have put this in italics because people are so incredulous when I tell them this. Yet it is absolutely true.)

And now to Arundel in Sussex. In the shadow of the castle and at the foot of the South Downs lies the Norfolk Hotel, an old coaching house where one can enjoy an old-fashioned type of Christmas without any risk, as one of my readers wrote to me, "of being wheedled by well-meaning ladies into playing some footling games"! To the Norfolk I would recommend the bachelor who enjoys good food, a good bed, and the friendship of the bar—coupled with the knowledge that he has got a magnificent country in which to develop or work off a Christmas appetite.

And from Sussex I will take you westwards, where will be found the Christmas spirit amidst somewhat similar sporting and sociable surroundings. The Antelope at Dorchester, the George at Ilminster, the Ailesbury Arms at Marlborough ; or, if you have a hankering for Berkshire, where could one enjoy better fare and better hospitality than at the Crown and Thistle, Abingdon, or the Bull at Streatley-on-Thames ?

Then for those who want to go not too far from London, yet northwards or eastwards, they have their choice in that delightful little inn, the Pike and Eel at Overcote Ferry, or in that renowned and very comfortable house the Old Bridge House at Huntingdon. Ye Olde White Horse at Eaton Socon, or the Anchor at Tempsford, both on the Great North Road.

But if you prefer the comfort of a large hotel, a room with private bath or a suite ; an hotel which is a headquarters of really genuine English cooking ; where you know that the turkey will swell with the wealth of the stuffing and where the stau ichest teetotaller will weaken when he scents the brandy sauce, go to the (ranby Hotel, Harrogate, for a real honest-to-goodness old fashioned Christmas. There is no hotel in the country where you could spend Christmas in greater comfort and calm and no hotel where you will find better fare.

Nor should I omit in any consideration of spending Christmas, the hotels at Keswick in the English lakes, where the fare is always of the best, where

Shopping . . .

Whether you come to town to buy a car, a dog, a gun, a business . . . or a hat, you will find that the Alexandra is right in the centre of things—Knightsbridge and Piccadilly at your doorstep, the world of entertainment within a few minutes. You will also find undiluted comfort in every detail and undoubted value for money in our terms.

The Alexandra

HYDE PARK CORNER - - LONDON, S.W.1

140 rooms with running water, central heating, and telephone.
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WICKHAM COURT HOTEL

WEST WICKHAM, KENT

Half an hour from City and West End.

WINTER TERMS
REDUCTION 20%–25%
No alteration in Standard.

Illustrated brochure on request.

An unique and historical Tudor Mansion (once the home of Anne Boleyn) with original panelling, fireplaces, etc., in its own magnificent grounds, restored and converted into the most modern of hotels. Hot and cold running water, telephone and radiator in every room. Many rooms and marvellous suites with private bath.

Tennis, Squash Rackets, Billiards, Dances, car service to station—all free.

FREE FACILITIES FOR GOLF on PRIVATE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE (6,361 yds.).
Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Christmas: A List of Places ion of This Nature

the scenery is magnificent, and where the crispness of the air makes for a spontaneous gaiety rather than the forced hilarity of a set programme.

Then there are always those who would prefer to spend Christmas in London quietly yet without dullness. For such they will find the Alexandra at Hyde Park Corner, Batts in Dover Street, or the Cadogan, Sloane Street, admirable hotels; always fairly busy at Christmas with people who prefer to entertain their friends for meals and go out to the theatres for their other entertainment.

And finally *Tilbring Julen Paa*, which being interpreted is Danish for "Spend Christmas at" the Sea View Hotel, Seabrook, Hythe, for here can be enjoyed a Danish Christmas Eve dinner with an English Christmas Day dinner to follow. Quite a small hotel with a sunny outlook across to the Hythe Golf Links and the sea. Mrs. Thomson is Danish by birth as well as a born cook so here you can enjoy the Christmas fare of two countries coupled with the sea air and sunshine on which Hythe rather flatters itself.

I have not attempted to cover the field as a whole but I hope I have provided food for thought. A happy Christmas is almost entirely a matter of environment and with such a wide variety of choice there should be an hotel, inn, or guest house to suit every taste and every purse.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone enquiries, it should be remembered, cannot be accepted.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to Mr. Ashley Courtenay. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

C. F. (Le Zoute, Belgium).—The nearest place to Piccadilly Circus where you can reside very comfortably and have your golf links at the door-step, so to speak, is West Lodge Park, Hadley Wood, near Barnet. It is only a five minutes' bus ride from Cockfosters station. It is run more on the lines of a country house than an hotel, and the proprietor is an old Oxford Blue.

S. C. (Worthing).—For a quiet Christmas in London in a first-class hotel where there is no organised programme you cannot do better than the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park Corner.

Mrs. R. (Aylesbury).—I note that you would like to know of a small, well-run country inn or country house hotel with no organised festivities at Christmas time; also some rabbit shooting for your son. I think your best plan would be to write to the head office of Trust Houses Ltd., Shorts Gardens, Drury Lane, W.C.2. They have so many delightful places that I am sure they would put you on to something suitable.

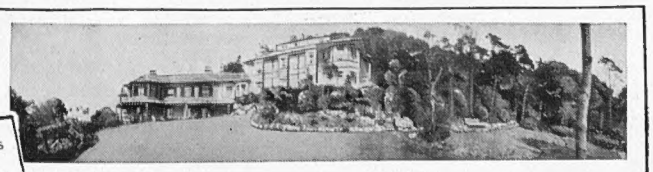
Mrs. B. B. (East Putney).—For country house hotels in Sussex for Christmas I should strongly recommend Lodge Hill Hotel, Watersfield, near Pulborough, especially as they can offer private bathrooms. As an alternative I would suggest Findon Manor Hotel near Worthing. The present proprietor was for a long time secretary of a well-known West End club. The cooking is of a high order.

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL WEYBRIDGE

Beautiful Park of 60 acres. Private Golf Course. Tennis, Badminton, and Squash Courts. Dancing every Saturday. All inclusive, from 5 guineas weekly.

Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. Telephone: Weybridge 1190 (six lines).

ONE MINUTE from MARINE SPA, PIER, and MAIN SHOPS



3 acres Grounds

Central heating radiators, Electric fires and H. & C. water in all bedrooms

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ONLY A FEW WEEKS TO XMAS! If you are requiring accommodation and a really HAPPY TIME write to PARK HALL HOTEL, TORQUAY, for their Illustrated Brochure and Programme of Xmas Festivities. The hotel is exceptionally comfortable facing due south with wonderful sea views from all windows. Vita Glass Sun Lounge. Garage. Enquiries to Mrs. P. Bagley. 'Phone 3434.

PARK HALL HOTEL
TORQUAY

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An Autumn holiday? Our flowers, our sunshine, and the comfort and amenities of our hotel should make St. Brelade's your choice. And for winter . . . the same equable climate, our sheltered situation, our wonderful outlook, our cooking . . . and our moderate terms make St. Brelade's the obvious haven from an English winter. Chapter and verse with pleasure from the Proprietor, A. Colley.

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Centrally situated in a quiet position in the West End of the City
Modernly equipped throughout :: Electric Elevator

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," West Parade.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Cornwall).—Welltown Manor. Tel.17
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Bournemouth.—Southcliffe Hotel. Tel. 7140.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Colchester.—George Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Eggesford (N. Devon).—Fox and Hounds Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Folkestone.—Hotel Wampach. Tel. 3129.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere(Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel.596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Haywards Heath.—Birch Hotel. Tel. 670.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel.11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (near).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn.338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Market Harborough.—Three Swans Inn.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Aylesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Middleton-on-Sea, Susx.—Southdean-on-Sea Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Shrewsbury.—Mytton & Mermaid Htl., Atcham.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Heath Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.
Boroughbridge, York (206).—Hotel Cottages.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl. Crook. AA.R.A.C.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl. W.8. Wes. 8121
Hotel Constance, 23-24, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner. Sloane 7111
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Hotel Metropole. Tel. 32.
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

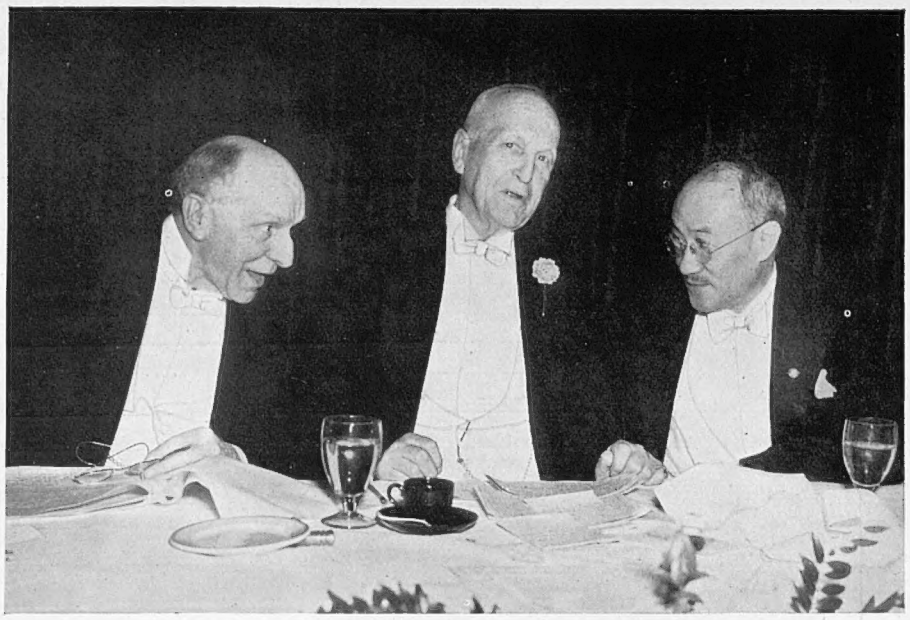
IRISH FREE STATE

Greenore (Co. Louth).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel (For Winter Comfort).
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

HERE and THERE



APOSTLE OF PACIFISM HONOURED: Viscount Cecil of Chelwood (left), former Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, ardent supporter of the League and President of the League of Nations Union, in conversation with Dr. Samuel A. Eliot and the Hon. C. T. Wang, Chinese Ambassador to the United States, at a recent banquet in Boston held in connection with the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches. It was announced recently that the Norwegian Storting had awarded Lord Cecil the Nobel Peace Prize for 1937

"HOLLYWOOD IS A TERRIFYING PLACE. So much that goes to waste, so much that's gigantic and stupid. And the people are so nice." So said British film star Anna Neagle when she returned to England this week from the U.S. in company with producer Herbert Wilcox. She refused to stay over there and make pictures, infinitely preferring to come home and appear in *Peter Pan* in London

"PARK AVENUE TO PARK LANE" is the title of the Christmas cabaret at Grosvenor House, for which George Hale is rehearsing these girls. It starts next week

The Guild of Aid for Gentlepeople.—This deserving cause held its annual meeting under the presidency of H.H. Princess Marie Louise, the gathering taking place on November 22 at 27, Grosvenor Square, W.1. The Guild assists men and women of gentle birth or good education, preference being given to those who have no legitimate claim on any special fund, and its scope is undenominational. The aid given chiefly takes the form of regular grants to those who, by reason of old age, illness, or other disability, are unable to work and there is also a Wardrobe Department from which gifts of clothing are supplied. It was made clear at the meeting that distress is as prevalent as ever and the organisation is greatly in need of funds to cope with the hosts of genuine and pathetic cases that come before its notice. Those interested in the Guild's work should write to Miss R. S. Stone, the secretary, at 83, Cambridge St., Warwick Square, S.W.1.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The above Society's Home at Twickenham, which for the past fifty-nine years has been stationed in the London Road, has now moved to more up-to-date quarters, those vacated by the City and Metropolitan Police Orphanage at Strawberry Hill. In this new building the Society will be able to house 250 boys, but this will mean an increase in cost. The Society is greatly in need of funds, and will gladly welcome any donations, however small, from our readers. Your gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

ENOUGH TO READ FROM NOW TILL NEW YEAR'S EVE

DELIGHTFUL STORIES

"SQUARE AND EVEN": *by D. L. Murray*
"BRITONS NEVER": *by Dorothy Black*
"STRANGERS IN OUR MIDST": *by Marguerite Steen*
"BIRTHDAY HONOURS": *by Laurence Kirk*
"DOUBLE IN DIAMONDS": *by Dalton Trumbo*
"THE UNSLEEPING REGIMENT": *by Garnett Radcliffe Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.*
"OLD TALES RETOLD. A CHRISTMAS PAGEANT AT GREENWICH." WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED: *by F. Matania, R.I.*

ABSORBING ARTICLES

"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE AND CIRCUS": *by Frank Foster*
"GAS-LIT LONDON": *by Harry J. Greenwall*
"IN SEARCH OF FOOD": *by Negley Farson*
"KING FROST": *by C. Patrick Thompson Decoration by Eric Fraser*
"THAT OLD FASHIONED CHRISTMAS": *by Philip Page (6 pages)*
"DEVIL'S ISLAND TO DIE": *by Ferdinand Tuohy*
BOOKS REVIEWED: *by Arnold Palmer*
MOTORING SECTION: *by the Earl of Cardigan*

HOME AND FASHION Section

TWO PAGES FROM A CHRISTMAS SCRAPBOOK
SO LET'S HAVE A NEW-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS: *by Olive Randall*
"CHILDREN'S PARTY POLITICS": *by Elizabeth Hughes Hallett*
FUN AND GAMES FOR CHRISTMAS: *by Rosamond Harcourt Smith*
PARTY FROCKS: *by Jean Burnup*
GLASS HOUSES FOR 1939?: *by Winifred Lewis*
HEALTH AND BEAUTY: *by "Chrysis"*
DO YOUR CHAIRS HARMONISE?: *by Winifred Lewis*
WOMAN'S TALK: *by Jean Burnup*
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS: *pages of ideas in photogravure*
"CHRISTMAS CAFETERIA": *by A. H. Adair*
CHRISTMAS FOOD AND DRINK—THINGS YOU MUST HAVE

BRITANNIA & EVE

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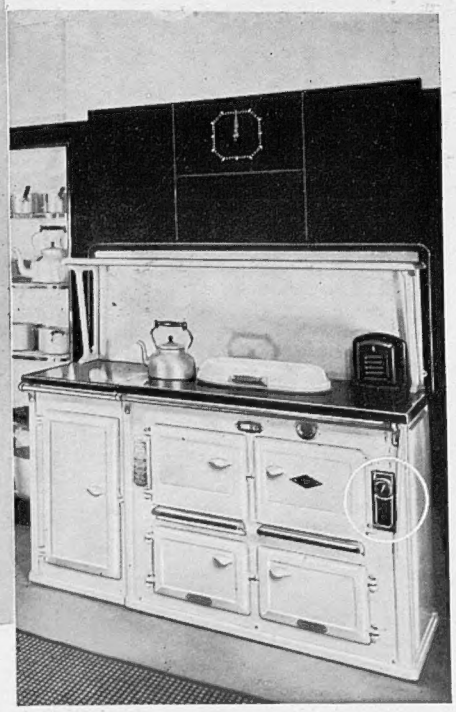

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Must vary with the things we eat,
But the ESSE has a thermostat
Which sees to that.

The ESSE is always on duty. Burning anthracite continuously throughout the day and night, and accumulating an immense reserve of heat, the ESSE is ready for action at a moment's notice. Cook, who never has to wait for the ESSE to warm up, has every desired cooking temperature available to produce a delicious meal of any size at any time—thanks to the thermostat. Yet the ESSE Heat Storage method of cooking is one of the cheapest known. Why not call and see a demonstration?

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Semmering.—3,000 f.a.s.l. 1 hrs. from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel.**—Centre of Winter Sports. Patr. by Duke of Windsor. Inside swim. pool.

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Antwerp.—**Grand Hotel de Londres.**—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Beaulieu (A.M.)—The Royal.—Full south. All comforts, facing sea. Large garden. Pension from 55 frs. Summer Carlton Le Touquet.

Beaulieu-s-Mer.—**Hotel Victoria.**—100 rooms full south, sea view, gard. Every comfort. Pens. 9 sh. sme direct. Provençal, Villefranche-s-Mer.

Cannes.—**Hotel des Anglais.**—Highest class, quiet residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—**Hotel Grande Bretagne.**—Quiet, sheltered, lge. sunny Pk., mtr. ser. casino, golf. Pen. terms fm. 12/6 & 15/- or 4 Gns. & £5 wkly.

Cannes.—**Hotel Montfleury.**—F. sth. ent. mod. Bth. tel. ea. rm. Lge seclud pk ovlkg Cannes & sea. 2m. bus to twn & Cas. Max of qt. G.Tamme.

Menton.—**Hotel Atlantic and Malte.**—First class, yet moderate. Central and sunny in nice garden. Noted for catering.

Monte-Carlo.—**Le Grand Hotel.**—350 Rooms. 280 Bathrooms. Entirely Renovated 1934. Open all the year.

Monte Carlo.—**The Monte Carlo Palace.**—1st class, up-to-date—facing Casino—sea view—open all the year. Moderate terms.

Nice.—**Hotel d'Angleterre & Hotel Grande-Bretagne.**—200 rooms. 100 baths. Special arrangement for Xmas from 12/- daily, full board.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—**Bühlerhöhe.**—800 mt. (2,600ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets. Rest-cures. Pension from RM. 11 upwards.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, **Sonnenbichl.**—**Golf Hotel.**—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Leipzig.—**Hotel Astoria.**—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Wiesbaden.—**Hotel Schwarzer Bock.**—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—**Hotel Nassauer Hof.**—World-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks. 12.

MADEIRA.

Funchal.—**Hotel Victoria.**—Opposite Casino. Bdrms. h. & c., very centl. Frm 10/6 incl. Details frm Madeira Travel, 18, Lower Regent St., S.W.1

SWITZERLAND.

Davos.—Alt. 4680 ft.—**Palace Hotel, Davos.** Near world-renowned Parsenn run. Rooms from S.Fr. 7. Full board from S.Fr. 16.

Davos-Dorf.—**Sport Hotel Montana.**—Exl, Htl. Ctrl. pos. Next stn. Fll. S. Mdrn 1937. All r. w. h. & c. w. priv. bthrms. Pens. fr. f. 14. Fam. Hüsler, pr.

Davos-Platz.—**Angleterre and Parkhotel.**—Leading family hotel. Winter sports. Full pension, including afternoon tea, £1.

Grindelwald.—**Bear Hotel.**—An up-to-date Hotel with an old tradition. Centre of social life. Moderate terms.

Grindelwald.—**Regina Hotel Alpenruhe.**—First class. Good value and personal attention. H. Bohren. Managing Propr.

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